

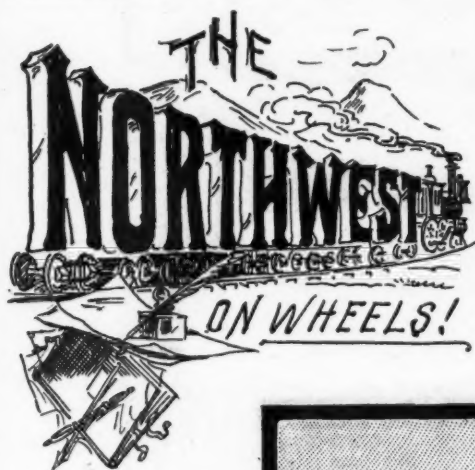
The Northwest.

An Illustrated Magazine of Literature, Agriculture and Western Progress.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JULY, 1885.

PRICE 15 CENTS.



Our record of travel for the past month embraces the country along the Northern Pacific main line in Western Minnesota, including the Lake and Park region and the Red River Valley. It then takes us into North Dakota, that immense prairie country of great wheat fields and luxuriant pastures, of bright and busy towns and active, enthusiastic people. Crossing the wide, turbid current of the Missouri at Bismarck, our route traverses the newly settled farming country and the extensive cattle ranges of Western Dakota, takes us through the weird and wonderful Bad Lands scenery, and ends, so far as this number of the magazine is concerned, in the Yellowstone Valley.

The party in our special car have progressed much further westward at the day we go to press, but considerable time is necessary to make the engravings that go to illustrate the trip, when our series of descriptive articles will extend beyond the time given to actual travel. Everywhere "THE NORTHWEST on Wheels" has been met with a cordial welcome. Our car has been visited by the leading citizens of every town where it has stopped, and its mission of making widely known the attractions of the Northern Pacific belt has been most heartily indorsed.

V.

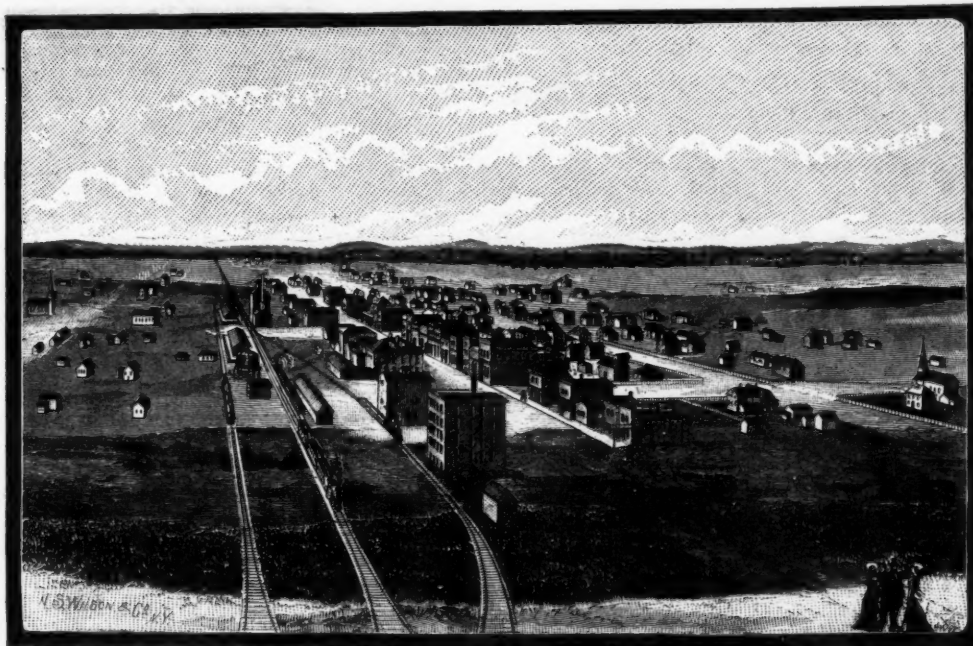
PERHAM AND ITS PEOPLE.

Nature seemed to the early settlers in Northwest Minnesota who marked out the place where Perham now stands as a natural townsite. There are woods to the east and woods to the west, more woods on the southern horizon and in the north two beautiful

lakes. Between these encompassing boundaries of wood and water stretches a beautiful prairie nearly ten miles long by four miles wide. When the railway was pushed westward from the head of Lake Superior, Thos. H. Canfield traversed the line in advance of the construction parties to select eligible situations for towns. He it was who stuck the stakes for Perham and bestowed upon the place the name of the first president of the Northern Pacific Railway Company. Josiah Perham never saw the town, nor indeed did he live to see the first spadeful of earth turned on the Northern Pacific line. He died in Boston in the year 1868, broken in spirit and in fortune, and harrassed in his later days both by poverty

store building he had at Rush Lake and set it up again at Perham, where it stands to this day, the oldest building in the place. When Kemper arrived he found a man named Richard Cowley already on the ground and living in a tent. Cowley, however, played no part in the development of the place; but Kemper, with his partner, Mr. Drachman, remained as active business men. He is now the postmaster, and may fairly be regarded as the patriarch of Perham. Kemper and the few Germans who followed him became the nucleus of an important settlement of their nationality. Most of the Germans did not come directly from the old country, but were from Ohio, Wisconsin and other states, and had already become thoroughly

Americanized. The native American population began to arrive shortly after, and a little later came Scandinavians and Poles. Out of this composite material a harmonious, prosperous community grew up, occupying the rich farming lands and building a town which to-day has about 1,200 inhabitants. This community is noticeably industrious and thrifty, and one hears very little talk of hard times. The farmers have good buildings and good stock, and the merchants' stores are crammed with goods. Climbing to the roof of the five-story flour mill, which has a capacity of two hundred and fifty barrels per day, and sends its flour as far



PERHAM MINNESOTA. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

and by the feeling that he had been badly used by the syndicate of New England capitalists to whom he had turned over the invaluable franchises secured by many years of labor and by the sacrifice of all his property.

There had been a little settlement of Germans at Rush Lake for several years before the railway was built. Of this settlement I shall speak later; enough to say now that a few of its members made haste to move to the future railway town. Among them was H. Kemper, who pulled down the

east as the New England states, our artist obtained the view of the town which we give on this page. The limitation of the pencil and the engravers' tools cannot, however, in the small space of a little wood cut, do justice to the magnificent sweep of the landscape



PERHAM, MINN.—NORTHERN PACIFIC BREWERY. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

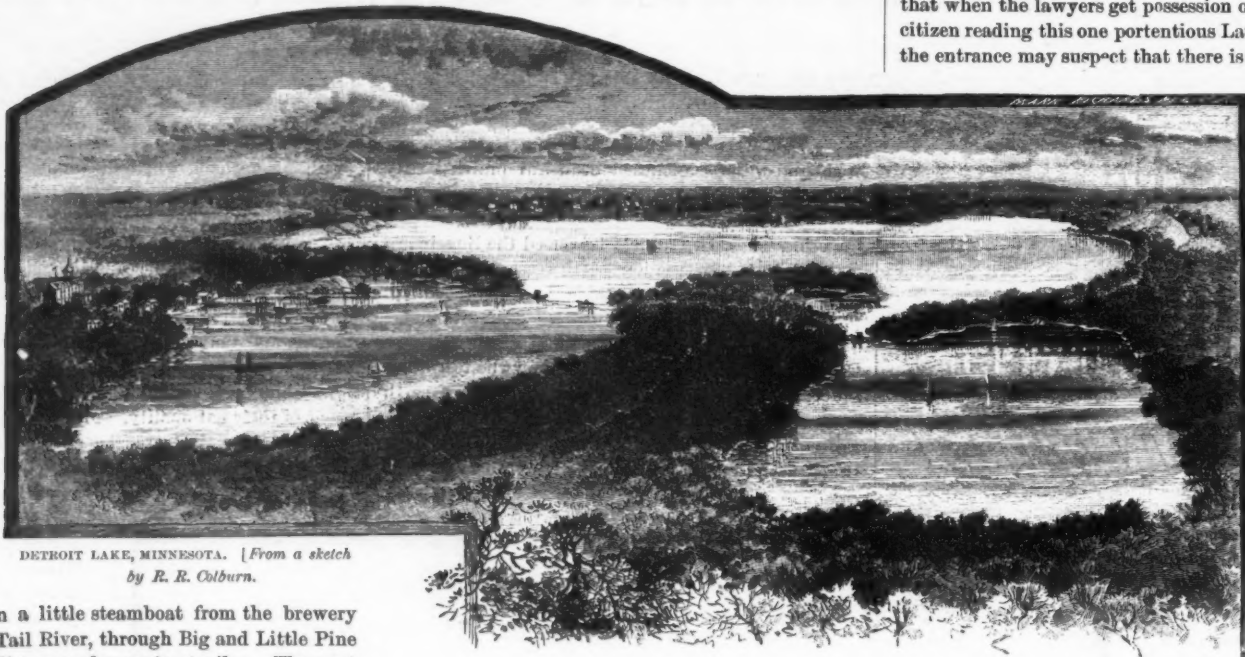
stretching out in all directions over well-tilled fields to forest-covered ridges or the blue waters of the two great lakes lying close at hand. These lakes might be made, and some day will be made, favorite resorts in the way of summer pleasure, but in a new country everybody is too much occupied to find time for boating or camping, so, except for fishing parties that come back heavily loaded with pickerel, muskallonge and whitefish, the lakes make no figure in the life of the town. It would be

range of the paper's circulation. The people of the place seem to appreciate the fact that a good newspaper is invaluable to a growing town, and give the *Bulletin* a liberal support.

VI. DETROIT AMONG THE LAKES.

In Becker County there are two hundred and thirty-two lakes. A map of the county looks like

Northern Pacific train. One is the new court house, of bright cream-colored Milwaukee brick, with lofty slate-capped tower. This building is said to have cost only \$25,000, which augurs an unusual amount of honesty and good sense on the part of officials, architects and contractors. Over the portal of the building the word "Lex" is cut in stone. The court house had not yet been dedicated at the time "THE NORTHWEST on Wheels" came to the town on its progress westward to Puget Sound. I am afraid that when the lawyers get possession of it the simple citizen reading this one portentous Latin word above the entrance may suspect that there is more law than



DETROIT LAKE, MINNESOTA. [From a sketch by R. R. Colburn.]

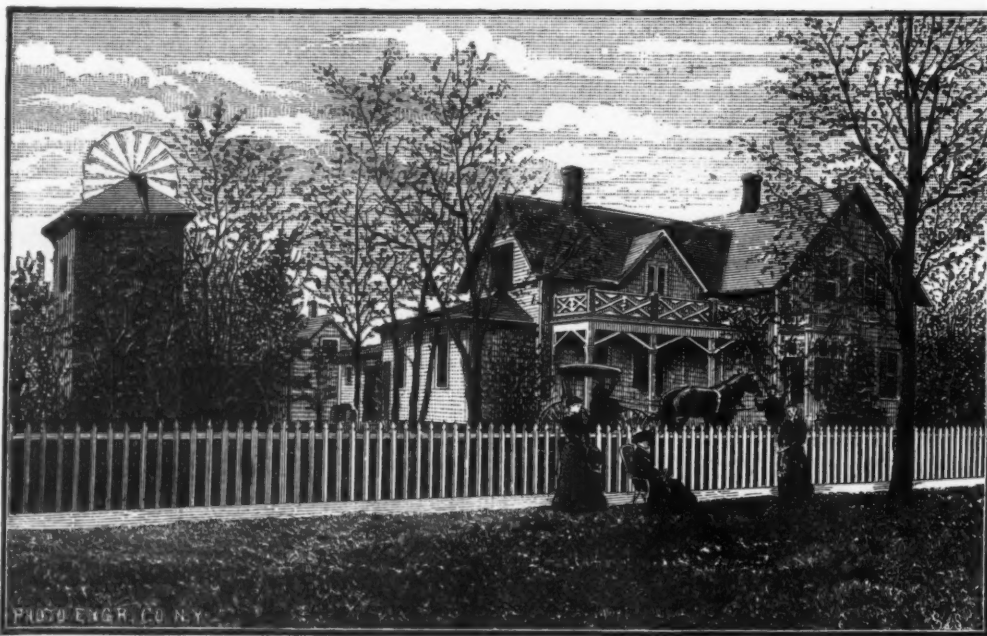
feasible to run a little steamboat from the brewery on the Otter Tail River, through Big and Little Pine lakes, for a distance of seventeen miles. The next generation of Perhamites who inherit the fruits of their forefathers' industry will no doubt establish summer camping grounds on the wooded shores of these lakes. Let us return to the town which lies right at our feet as we sit perched on the sheet iron roof of the big mill. It has not yet had the beneficial fire which clears out cheap wooden buildings in new towns and opens the way to more-substantial structures, but it already has a few brick buildings, among them a hotel kept by a cordial German who has a keg of beer just under the desk where the guests write their names on the register, and invites them to wash out the dust of travel from their throats. This beer is a good, honest, amber-colored fluid, and is one of the products of the town in which the citizens take considerable pride. The Perham brewery, owned by Mr. Schroeder, stands on the bank of the Otter Tail River, a mile east of the village. Every day the trains going east and west throw off a lot of empty kegs at Perham and take on full ones, and from the regularity of

the cheek of a freckle-faced boy, so spotted over is it with these numerous bodies of water. Some are mere ponds scarcely a pistol shot across, and some are broad sheets of water several miles in length, on which the stiff northern breeze raises tolerably heavy seas. In the midst of these lakes stands the pretty town of Detroit, overlooking the largest of them, Detroit Lake, which is about seven miles long. The

justice dispensed in the building. The other important structure is the new Hotel Minnesota, of which Mr. Richard R. Colburn is the proprietor. Mr. Colburn is one of many Eastern men who came to Northern Minnesota in search of health. Having found what he sought, he set about making a comfortable home for others who might follow him on the same quest. Except the big hotels on Lake

Minnetonka, there is no other summer resort house in Minnesota that can compare with the Hotel Minnesota in respect to size and appointments. Mr. Colburn expects not only to draw upon the East for business, but also upon the scorched and malarial South, whose well-to-do citizens are fond of running up to the Minnesota lakes in the hot season for coolness and vigor. Another source of patronage for this new lakeside resort will be the bare plains of Dakota, where shade and water are equally scarce, but where the rich soil yields abundant crops to fill the farmer's purse.

Now, why should Detroit, in particular, become a favorite summer resort? Not on account



DETROIT, MINN.—RESIDENCE OF E. G. HOLMES, ESQ. [Photo. by Ryerson.]

this proceeding I conclude the beer is in brisk demand all along the Northern Pacific line. Mr. Schroeder gets a large part of his hops from the Puyallup Valley in Washington Territory. Another important Perham institution is the *Bulletin*. Editor Love makes a strong and enterprising paper, and gathers up work for his job printing office and bindery from places considerably outside of the

town has a New England air, it is so pretty, clean and enterprising in its appearance, and the reason for this becomes plain when one learns that the first settlers came from New England and that this element is still dominant in the population. There are two buildings in the town which so overtop all others and are so big and imposing that they provoke immediate inquiry from the traveler who leaves the

of its lakes, for there is no such thing as getting a corner on lakes in Minnesota. Indeed, in this part of the State almost every man can have one in sight from his front porch if he wishes. But not all lakes are as big and breezy as Detroit Lake, or are bordered with such pretty shores for driving, or are so well stocked with gamy fish. Furthermore, this lake lies high

up on the water shed from which the rivers flow on the one hand to the Gulf of Mexico and on the other to Hudson's Bay, in the far, frozen North. The elevation of the hill on which the Hotel Minnesota stands is 1,500 feet above the sea level.

From its broad verandas can be seen a delightful prospect over many miles of farms and forests. The cool breezes never fail in summer on this ridge pole of the continent. Fishermen who are tired of one lake can take their choice of a dozen others within an hour's drive of the hotel, and hunters who are enterprising enough to penetrate into the northern woods are pretty sure to find all the game they want. Finally, the town is on the main line of the Northern Pacific, and is therefore accessible by fast express trains and Pullman cars from east or west. So that, plainly, there are good reasons not a few for Detroit's position as a favorite resort.

Detroit is built on many hills, and has, I should say, about 1,500 inhabitants, with plenty of stores, shops and churches and two weekly newspapers. There is also a real estate journal, published by E. G. Holmes, for gratuitous circulation, which gives a large amount of information about settlement and lands in the surrounding country. The place was originally settled by what was called the "Boston Colony," an enterprise started in 1870 by Col. Geo. H. Johnson, who organized a company among the ex-volunteer soldiers of the New England states to go West and grow up with the country. A good deal of interest was felt in this movement at the time, and many of the famous men of New England allowed their names to be used in connection with it. Among their number were Gens. Hawley, of Connecticut, Burnside, of Rhode Island, Chamberlain, of Maine, and Butler, of Massachusetts. It was first proposed to take the colony to Kansas, but Col. Johnson set his foot down against this, knowing that Kansas was full of malaria, and feeling sure that there was no better country open to new settlement than that

along the Northern Pacific line in Minnesota. He came out with the president of the railway company and several members of the board of directors, and selected a site for his colony, agreeing to buy of the company all the railway lands in the township. When the colony got as far as St. Paul it was pounced upon by the agents of several land-grant roads, and several of the members were induced to go to Southwestern Minnesota. The remainder, about two hundred in all, came up to Detroit. Their success in farming drew after them in the following years many of their friends from New England. The colonists quarreled among themselves, as all colonists are sure to do, but their settlement was the germ of a prosperous agricultural community and of a flourishing town.

I said in former years, in writing about this Lake and Park region, that a country where a farmer could have rich prairie land to plow, with a forest of oak and maple on one side of his place and a pretty lake full of fish on the other, seemed to afford the best possible conditions for success and contentment in agricultural pursuits.

The farmer in this favorite section does not have to buy fuel, for he can cut all he wants in his own woods; nor does he need to buy fence posts and barbed wire to inclose his fields, for he can split

out into the forest and earn some ready money cutting ties or wood for the railroad.

Of course, all the prairie land that is desirable was taken up some years ago, and the new settler that wants cheap wild lands must now go into the woods. This the American settler does not like to do, for it seems a terribly long and hard job to clear up land, but the German does not mind it; he prefers the timber to the open country, and in a few years manages to get himself some nice clean fields, living comfortably in the meanwhile, and perhaps putting by a little money. Wild land can be bought from the railway company within eight or ten miles of the town for five dollars an acre, payable in stock, which makes the actual money cost about two dollars; and this need not be cash, for the settler is allowed ten years in which to pay for his land, provided he goes upon it and makes his home there; otherwise the time allowance is five years.

On the shore of Detroit Lake is a mineral spring which contains iron, and is generally reported to have valuable properties. Not far from this spring an association of St. Louis people have built a handsome club house and a number of cottages, thus making an attractive and exclusive little summer resort of their own, quite apart from the town. There is plenty of room for others to follow their example; indeed, a number of cottage lots have been platted and sold on the lake margin in the immediate vicinity of the town.

Our engravings illustrating the place comprise a view of Detroit Lake, a bird's-eye view of the town, pictures of the court house and the residence of E. G. Holmes, and a little sketch of the first wheat warehouse built on the Northern Pacific line west of Duluth. This building is in its way a historical monument, being the forerunner of the whole extensive grain elevator system in Northwest Minnesota. It was built by J. H. Sutherland, now probate judge of Becker County, and is

at present occupied as a flour and feed store.

VII.

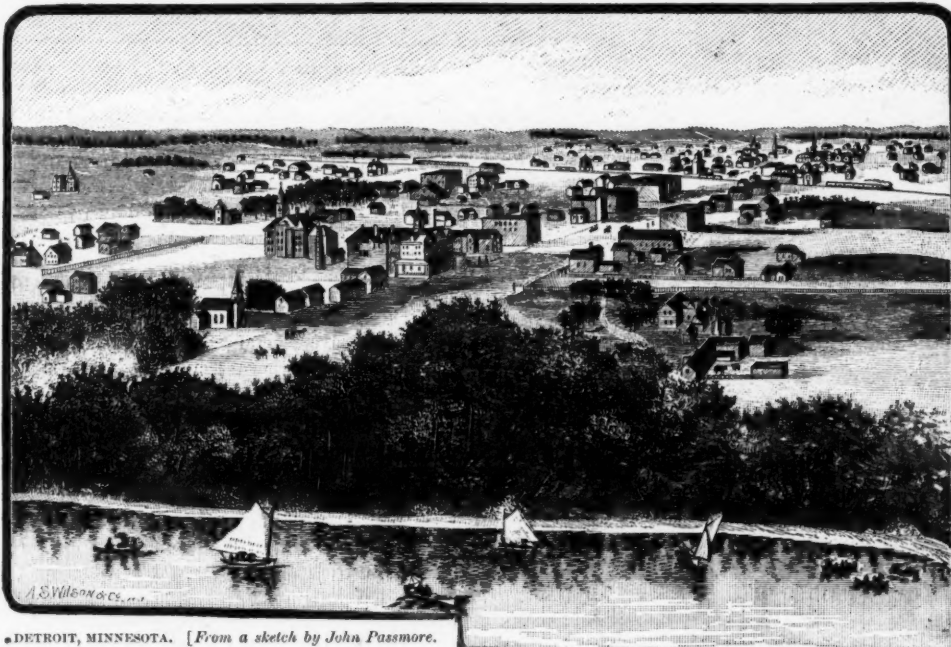
LAKE PARK AND THOS. H. CANFIELD.

An excellent judge of land, who had seen a large part of the United States and knew a good country when he saw it, had an opportunity, several years ago, to select for himself the virgin ground for a large farm, anywhere he should choose between Lake Superior and the Missouri River. He went in advance of the construction parties building the Northern Pacific line, examined the whole country carefully and picked out the places for townsites. If any man had a first-class chance to get himself a good farm, he certainly enjoyed such an opportunity. The man was Thomas H. Canfield, then president of the Lake Superior and Puget Sound Land Company, and a director in the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. It is interesting to see the spot which he pitched upon for his home, after having such a vast extent of fair and fertile country to pick and choose from. No one who knows this coun-



DETROIT, MINN.—COURT HOUSE. [Photo. by Ryerson.]

white oak rails on his own place. He gets as good a crop of wheat to the acre as does the farmer in the open prairie further west, he supplies his family



DETROIT, MINNESOTA. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

without cost with pickerel, whitefish and bass from the neighboring lakes, and in winter he need not hibernate like a woodchuck in a hole, but can go



DETROIT, MINN.—THE FIRST WHEAT WAREHOUSE BUILT ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC LINE WEST OF DULUTH. [Photo. by Ryerson.]

try thoroughly can doubt that he made a wise choice. He went just to the edge of the timber region of Minnesota, where it breaks up into little strips of groves with broad intervals of prairie between, preparatory to dropping down into the flat, treeless region of the Red River Valley. Here he found all the requisites for success in agriculture. The soil is as productive as that of the valley proper, while the drainage is much better and the land can be plowed a week or two earlier in the spring. There are numerous lakes of clear, pure water, so that there is no necessity for digging wells to get water for stock. There is also an abundance of hardwood timber, so that material for fuel and fencing is right at hand. Furthermore, the climate is healthy to a remarkable degree, there being no malaria in the air, and no encouragement in the climate to pulmonary diseases. In this favored region Mr. Canfield owns five sections of land, lying in the form of a Greek cross. His domain is therefore three miles long and three miles wide in its widest part, but it is not three miles square, because the four corner sections which would have to be included to make a quadrilateral are owned by others. Let us see,—5 times 640 acres are 3,200 acres,—a very spacious and satisfactory estate, considering the fact that it is all highly fertile land.

This estate incloses the little town of Lake Park,

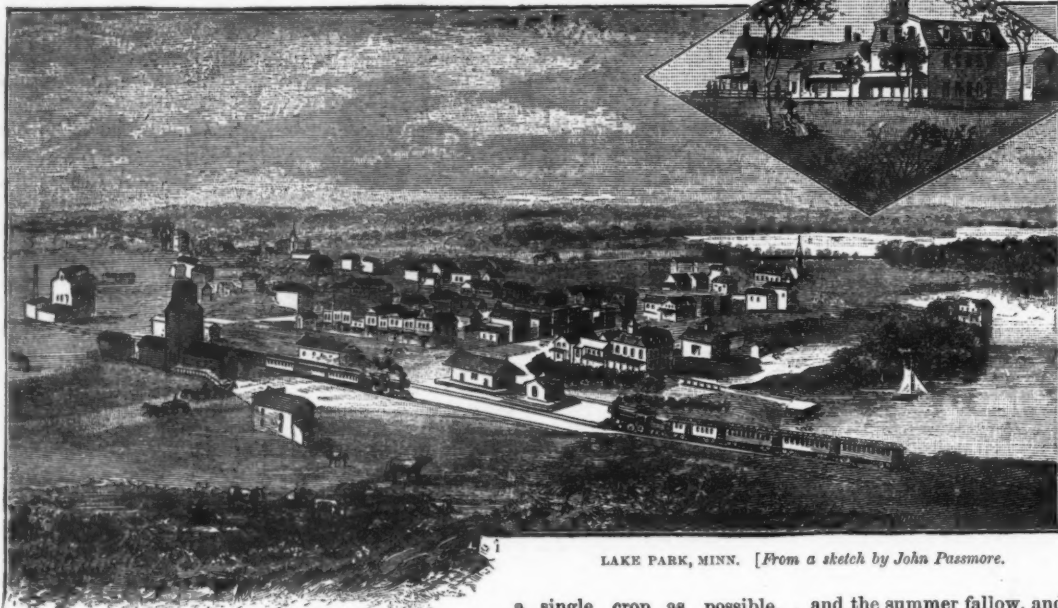
on the western side of Becker County, Minnesota. From a hill on its eastern border, one can look over the entire domain, with its many lakes, its billowy green pastures, its ripening wheat fields and its shady woodlands. The eye wanders much further and takes in a vast sweep of country reaching from the Red River Valley on the west to the wooded ridge near Detroit.

Mr. Canfield is not in the usual sense of the word a bonanza farmer, by which term is commonly meant a man that is only a wheat grower, using the land solely to get off from it as large a yield of

and for each he has a foreman, who employs the hands he needs and is responsible to the owner for the general results of the year. Mr. Canfield keeps an oversight on the whole place, residing here during the spring, summer and fall, and going back for the winter to his old home in Burlington, Vermont. Every day he drives about his farm in a certain ancient buggy, the identical vehicle in which he traversed the wild country from Brainerd to the present site of Bismarck, selecting the locations for future towns. This buggy

is not exactly like the Yankee's gun which had been in the family for a hundred years and had had three new stocks, two new locks and one new barrel, and yet was the same old gun. The buggy is in fact the original vehicle, with the exception of one wheel, the predecessor of which a careless borrower demolished.

In his daily drives Mr. Canfield gives directions to his foreman about the cattle and the horses, the hay



LAKE PARK, MINN. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

a single crop as possible.

Wheat growing, as carried on upon the great Red River Valley farms, is not farming in the true sense of the word. Numbers of men and horses work upon the land in the season of seed-time and harvest and then disappear from it, leaving it almost depopulated for the rest of the year. Mr. Canfield believes heartily in mixed farming, and especially in stock raising. I think I am not out of the way in saying he is the most extensive general farmer on the whole Northern Pacific line. He divides his operations into two departments, one of stock raising, the other of grain growing,

and the summer fallow, and the growing crops. He has on his place sixty miles of fence, largely of white oak posts and rails. The fences constructed in later years, however, are of the post and barbed wire kind, now in universal use throughout the prairie country of the West. In his wheat-growing operations, Mr. Canfield has come to the conclusion that summer fallowing pays. He allows the land to rest every alternate year and thus succeeds in getting crops about as heavy as those he raised when the soil was first cultivated. His average for all his fields rarely falls below twenty-five bushels to the acre. None of his soil lies long idle; that which is not used for crops is either meadow or pasture land. I saw in a single field of a mile square a herd of two



LAKE PARK, MINN.—THOMAS H. CANFIELD. [Photo. by Kurtz.]



MOORHEAD, MINN.—HENRY A. BRUNS. [Photo. by Flater.]



MOORHEAD, MINN.—GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL.

hundred and fifty head of thoroughbred short-horn and high bred cattle, undoubtedly the largest herd of high grade cattle to be found anywhere in Northern Minnesota or Dakota. Mr. Canfield adheres very closely to the shorthorn, believing them to be the best for beef. He finds a market for his young cattle on the farm itself, buyers coming from long distances. He carries in his head the name and pedigree of all his best animals and delights to talk about his cattle to a visitor who has a genuine appreciation of fine stock. Mr. Canfield is also doing a great deal to improve the breed of horses in this section of the Northwest. He owns the finest Percheron Norman stallion in Northern Minnesota. This colossal animal weighs 1,990 pounds. His color is a glossy black. Another remarkably fine horse is a handsome gray stallion, half Percheron and half Morgan. This cross Mr. Canfield thinks makes the best horse for farm work, having much of the noted strength of the Norman, with the quickness of motion of the Morgan breed.

The cattle on the Canfield estate are fed all winter on hay from the native prairie grass. When I saw them in the spring new grass had hardly begun to start and yet they were remarkably fat and in excellent condition, and not any of them had been fed a pound of grain. This is a noticeable evidence of the nutritious properties of the grasses of Northwest Minnesota. I doubt if there is another herd of thoroughbreds in the West that are regularly wintered without grain. Mr. Canfield's dwelling and farm buildings are about a mile from the village of Lake Park. How the town looks is shown in our engraving. The people are largely Scandinavian, as are also the inhabitants of the surrounding country. The Lake and Park country of Minnesota is nowhere seen to better advantage than here around the town of Lake Park. If a more strictly local application be sought of the name of the town the word "park" in the name might be supposed to apply to the little grove of trees in front of the hotel, while the "lake" is close at hand. The town, I may say in conclusion, is a prosperous trading point, of steady growth. Its hotel, pictured in our engraving, has many advantages as a summer resort.

VIII.

FARGO AND MOORHEAD.

Nobody will object to putting Fargo first in the above heading. If one writes St. Paul and Minneapolis, you can be sure he lives in St. Paul, while if

he writes it Minneapolis and St. Paul, he is a loyal resident of the city by the falls of Saint Anthony. At one time it was proposed in St. Paul to call the dual metropolis of the Northwest Paul-apolis; but this proposition was promptly met by a counter one from Minneapolis that the future united cities should be called Minneapolis. There was a time when Moorhead expected to over-

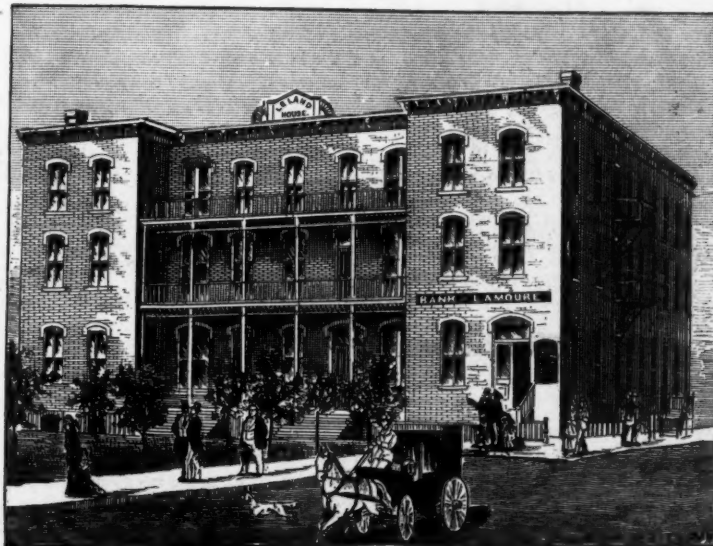


FARGO, DAK.—HEADQUARTERS HOTEL.

shadow Fargo, but that time has gone by, and the town on the Minnesota side of the Red River now forms, for all practical business purposes, a single city with its big neighbor on the Dakota bank. The Red River is so narrow that a boy could toss an apple across it, if apples were plentiful enough in this Northern wheat garden to be used in such a reckless way; and the stream being spanned by two broad road bridges, there is really no more need of two separate municipal governments than there would be for the portions of Milwaukee which are separated by the Milwaukee River. But Moorhead is in Minnesota and Fargo in Dakota, so that their corporate affairs must always be kept distinct. Moorhead has its business streets, its hotels, banks, and railway station, but its interests are identical with Fargo, and the two places combined form much the largest aggregate of population to be found anywhere between Minneapolis and Portland. Fargo alone is the largest town in Dakota, and the joint population of the two municipalities must by this time amount to nearly 15,000. This is too impor-

tant a place for "THE NORTHWEST on Wheels" to take on the run. We must reserve it for more ample description and illustration than can be given in the present series of articles. We hope in our October or November number to be able to present a thorough and well illustrated article on the history, growth, and business of this important centre. In the meantime there are a few things that need not wait for mention. Moorhead has a hotel which is much admired by travelers, who are sure to express surprise at finding so far west an elegant structure with strong claims to architectural beauty, of the Queen Anne order. The Grand Pacific Hotel would not be out of place if dropped down in a city of 100,000 inhabitants, so spacious are its halls, parlors and dining room, and so well furnished are its sleeping apartments. The owner is Mr. Henry A. Bruns, who has done so much for the city of Moorhead that its people ought to erect a monument to his memory when he dies. The big flour mill and the Merchants Bank are institutions of his creation, and numerous other buildings and enterprises attest his public spirit and devotion to the interests of his town.

Fargo is an exceedingly bright, wide-awake, energetic place, full of intelligent, ambitious people, who have great faith in its future. Its handsome stores, with their large stocks of goods, its three daily newspapers, its tall electric light tower and its animated streets, give it a very attractive, business-like appearance. Fargo has become an important railway centre. The daily arrival and departure of passenger trains number twenty-six. They run east, west, north, northwest, south, southwest, and southeast, so that in fact all the cardinal points of the compass are represented in the directions in which the roads radiate from the city. An institution in Fargo, known to all travelers and intimately associated with all recollections of the place, is the Headquarters Hotel, of which we give an illustration. The original building was put up as the headquarters of the engineers and construction forces building the Northern Pacific Railway, and hence the present name, which has been copied by many less noted hostleries in Dakota. In the early days, when land seekers and emigrants were pouring into North Dakota by the hundreds, the Headquarters could often show on its registers in a single day names of guests from more than one-half the states of the Union. It is still the central rallying place for the city,—a sort of open club house, in fact—where business men meet and the news of the day is discussed. The proprietors are Messrs. Lamont and Scott.



LA MOURE, DAK.—LELAND HOUSE AND BANK OF LA MOURE.

Among many evidences of recent substantial growth in the city, the handsome three-story brick building of the Red River National Bank stands out most prominently. This is a strong institution, which has brought in a large amount of Eastern capital, for secure investment, and plays an important part in the development of the Red River Valley.

IX. LISBON, ON THE SHEYENNE.

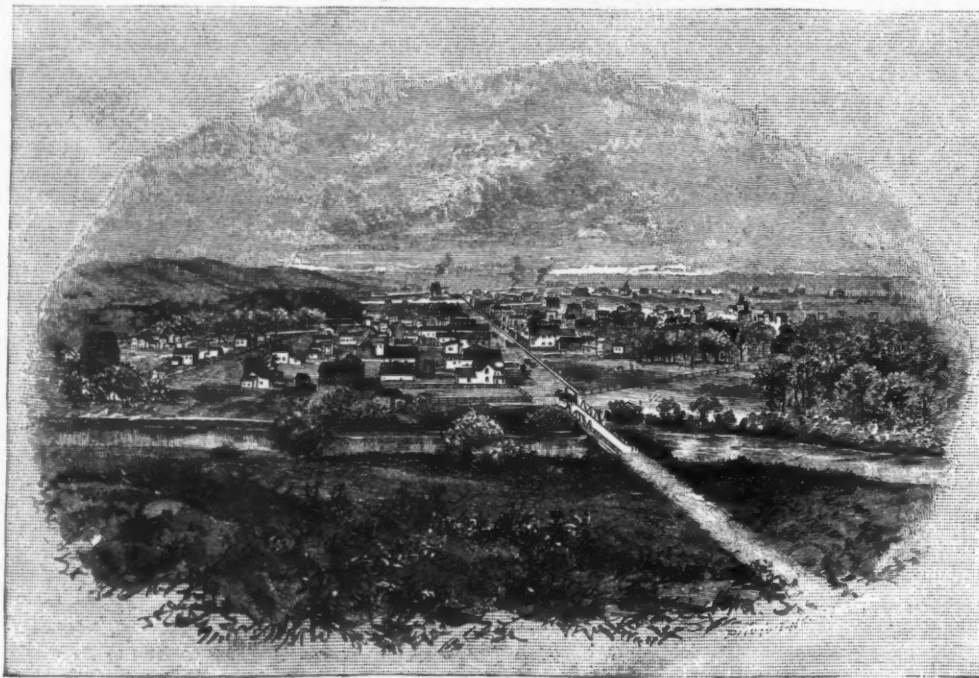
After riding fifty miles across the level prairies it is a pleasant change to suddenly drop down into a snug little village, where a rapid river runs between groves of cottonwood and oak. The change is all the more striking when one finds a smart business town almost hidden between the bluffs that skirt the valley. The river is the Sheyenne, which the reader will note is spelled with an "S." There are two rivers of this name in Dakota, the Cheyenne, which heads in the Black Hills and flows into the Missouri not far from Pierre, and the Sheyenne, which starts away up in the neighborhood of Devils Lake and runs first east and then south and then by a sudden capricious change of directions turns to the northeast and finally flows into the Red a little below Fargo. There is no sense in having two rivers of the same name in the same Territory, but here they are on the map and both are fixed in newspaper phraseology and in current geographical descriptions. The word came from the Cheyenne Indians, and the different spelling has been adopted as the only way of designating one stream from the other. Our North Dakota Sheyenne is a pretty, useful stream which has a way above all other rivers in this part of the

in expectation that the road would soon come. The sheltered valley, the abundant timber, the excellent mill power, and the richness of the rolling prairie lands sweeping off in every direction, pointed out the place as a natural townsite, to a pioneer named J. L. Colton. He took up the quarter section on which a large part of the town now stands. The place soon got too big for Colton's tastes and he went far out on the frontier in the Moose River country, where he is now raising stock.

It was fortunate that Lisbon got its start before the railroad reached it, for it was thus saved from spreading out into a bare and glaring street facing

street will soon be built up with business blocks.

Lisbon is a city in law and the inhabitants insist on your calling it a city. It has at present about 1,500 inhabitants. There ought to be a statute in Dakota prohibiting any town from calling itself a city until it has 5,000 inhabitants. That is the law in Ohio, where they make a distinction between village and city corporations. Any village in Dakota which emerges from the township form of government, so as to have a mayor or common council, is legally designated a city. I have faith that Lisbon will soon merit the name. It is far enough from Fargo to be an independent centre of trade, and it has one of the largest and richest agricultural counties in Dakota entirely tributary to it. No rival town is likely to grow up in any part of Ransom County. It is reasonable to predict that when a county in which not one acre in ten is cultivated sustains a town of 1,500 it will sustain one of 8,000 or 10,000 when all its fertile acres are occupied for tillage or stock raising. Lisbon has three newspapers, which is one too many. I shall not venture to name the superfluous sheet for fear of the wrath to come. It has two banks, a big flouring mill run by water power, and twenty or thirty stores. A handsome court house looms up in the near future, but its erection has



LISBON, DAKOTA. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

the track, like so many other towns that got their first start from railway construction. When the road finally came, in 1883, it could find no convenient place for a station nearer than half a mile from the business street. A strong effort was then made by the owners of real estate near the station to pull the town away from its location under the bluff and establish a new business centre close to the depot. The result was rather grotesque. It made a town of

wisely been postponed until the county is more fully settled. A conservative policy prevails in city and county expenses, and taxes are low. The land in Ransom County is well adapted to mixed farming. A remarkably large proportion of the wheat shipped last year graded No. 1 hard. Heavy crops in Indian corn were also produced, and the yield of rye, oats and buckwheat surprised the farmers. There is plenty of room for more people in this county. The



VALLEY CITY, DAK.—RESIDENCE OF A. H. GRAY, ESQ.

Territory of encouraging the growth of timber along its banks. Another of its useful features is the comparative swiftness of its current which affords a number of good mill powers.

Lisbon, at which "THE NORTHWEST on Wheels" switched off one day in May, is a town that made itself without the aid of the railroad, but, of course,

the saddlebag pattern, bulging at each end and very attenuated in the middle. Much bitterness of feeling arose between the inhabitants of the old and of the new town, but this is softening down of late under the influence of a general belief that the whole site will be needed in the near future to accommodate the growth of the place and that the long main

government lands are all taken but considerable railroad lands are unsold; besides, pre-emption claims of the first settlers can frequently be bought on advantageous terms. The pioneers in Dakota do not always form the staying population. Many of them are restless, adventurous men who take up land for the purpose of holding it until the country begins to



VALLEY CITY, DAK.—A. H. GRAY'S LUMBER YARD AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS ESTABLISHMENT.

fill up and who then sell out and push on to new frontier.

The cashier of the Ransom County Bank, speaking of the small amount of immigration coming in this year as compared with previous years, remarked that one settler this year counted for about as much as five in what was called a boom period. The men who are now settling in Dakota come with means to open and stock farms and make permanent homes for their families, and they have no intention of selling out and moving. The Ransom County Bank, by the way, is the leading financial institution in the county and can be commended to all who have surplus capital that they would like to invest in this region in thoroughly safe loans on improved farms. The special feature of such loans that should not be overlooked is that the security rapidly increases in value, year by year, as the country becomes more densely settled and farming lands increase in price.



SANBORN, DAK.—THE SANBORN HOTEL.

X. LA MOURE IN THE VALLEY OF THE JAMES.

Mr. Arthur Pember, formerly a prominent New York journalist and now a resident of La Moure and the owner of a section of land near that place, kindly furnishes the following interesting account of the new town in the James River Valley:

There is no brighter or more bustling town in Dakota, for its size, than La Moure. Lying in a broad bend of one of the prettiest parts of the James River Valley, surrounded by picturesque bluffs, the terminus of the Fargo and Southwestern branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and peopled with an unusually active and intelligent class, La Moure has every chance to become an important business and agricultural centre in the near future. The county of La Moure boasts some of the richest farming and grazing lands in Dakota, and the town is not only a great distributing centre of land cultivators, but is the great natural and only centre for collecting and marketing the result of the labors of these same land cultivators. The county lies in the famous No. 1 hard wheat belt, and with its fine opportunities for stock raising presents irresistible attractions to emigrants. New settlers are constantly arriving, barns and houses are springing up in all directions, and new breaking looms up every day. There are any number of large and thriving farms in operation, among them one of the large farms of the Sykes & Hughes Company. It is no wonder, then, that the town of La Moure has grown so rapidly and is prospering in spite of hard times and a low wheat market.

La Moure has a population of about six hundred persons, and there is no town in the Territory of Dakota where social observances are more genial, more pleasant or more

healthy in character. The town boasts several good hotels, the Leland House being one of the largest and most substantially built hotels in that section of Dakota. The Windsor is a first-class house and is admirably conducted by its proprietor, Mr. Holcomb.

Robinson, Button & Co. monopolize the banking business. The Lloyds, who belong to the same family as the Lloyds of Jamestown, are considered exceptionally strong financially, and do a large business throughout the county. Robinson, Button & Co. are the special land agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, for whom they have sold \$250,000 worth of land during the past year. There are two first-class drug stores, that of Voegeli Bros., the Pioneer Drug Store, being deservedly popular and doing a large business. A handsome church has been erected during the past year by the Presbyterians, and a large and substantial public school house was opened on January 1st last. Machinery interests are, of course, largely represented in the town, the leading firms being those of S. E. Brown & Co., and J. W. Johnston & Co. A variety of other trades and business, too numerous to mention, are well represented, while the number of lawyers and other professional men, all earning fair

incomes, speaks well for the business activity of the town. Two doctors look after the health of the population, Dr. Moxby, an old army surgeon of high repute in his profession, being official physician to the Northern Pacific Railroad for that section of their branch. He has a wide and extensive practice all through La Moure and Dickey counties. The town also boasts a large elevator and a fine flouring mill with a capacity of one hundred barrels a day. This busy little town is growing and is bound to grow, and will undoubtedly in time assume large proportions.

XI. CASSELTON ON THE PRAIRIE.

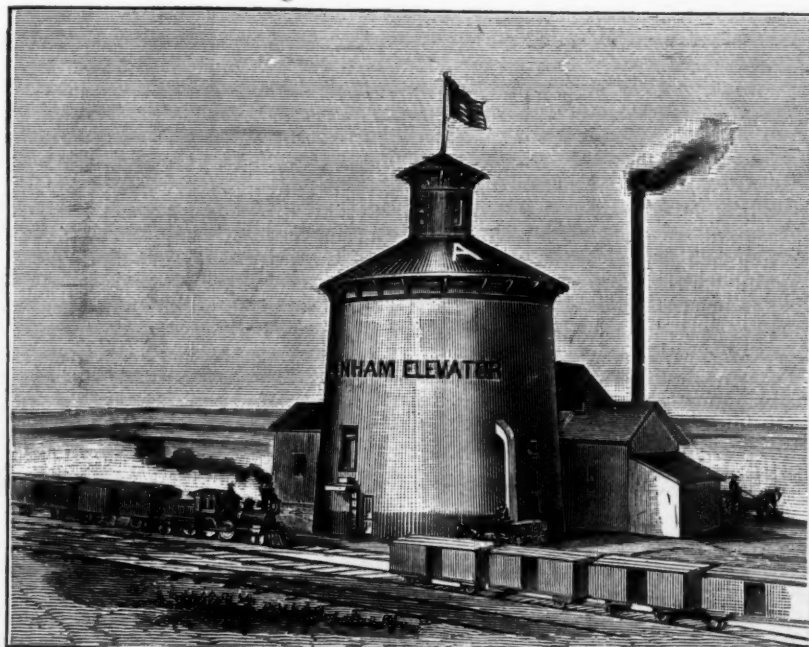
In some respects Casselton is a model prairie town. It has grown in its steady and natural way without any speculative effort. No additions have been laid out to encourage it with false hopes of future greatness. It is compact and sensible and prosperous in a steady-going fashion. It needs the blessing of a fire to clear out the old wooden buildings in its principal business street, and when this comes the merchants will probably find that they had better turn off at right angles to the railway instead of all facing the track. A street always needs two sides to look comfortably busy, and a railway station with its tracks and freight cars is not a satisfactory other side. The school building is the most conspicuous structure in the village, and this may be said of most of the Dakota towns. The Casselton people put their hands in their pockets and built theirs instead of issuing bonds, and they taxed themselves very liberally for its support.

All around Casselton lie the famous bonanza farms. I am not going to write about these farms; too much has been said about them already. They served an excellent purpose in the early days in demonstrating the riches of the Red River Valley soil, and thus adver-



ANCIENT VASE FOUND IN A MOUND NEAR SANBORN, DAK.

E. C. & L. N. Bronson, and Wilson, Royce & Dewey, both of which firms command a large and lucrative trade throughout the country. The Lloyds, and



SANBORN, DAK.—CIRCULAR GRAIN ELEVATOR OF LENHAM ELEVATOR COMPANY, CAPACITY 50,000 BUSHELS.
[From a sketch by John Passmore.]

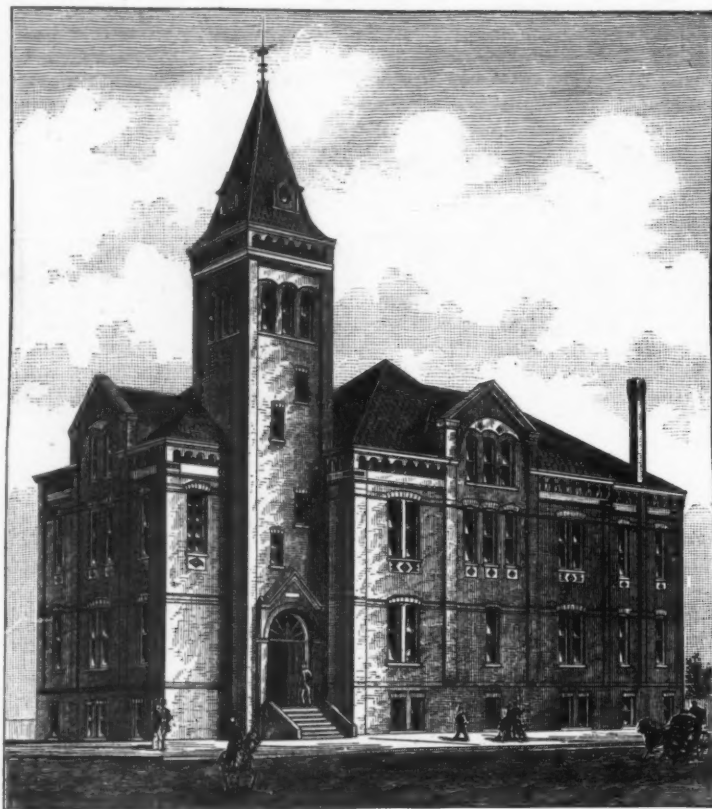
tising Dakota's attractions for immigrants, but that day has gone by, and it would now be a good thing if they could be cut up into quarter and half section homesteads. Most of these enormous bonanza farms are owned by non-residents; the men who work them leave the region as soon as the harvest is in. The supplies of food, forage and machinery are bought at wholesale in distant states, and the money obtained for the crop does not stay in the country where it is raised. It is a beautiful sight to see a field of 4,000 or 5,000 acres of growing wheat, and one which makes a great impression of the natural wealth of Dakota, but I should a great deal rather see the field divided into a score of small farms, each with its pastures and meadows, and its comfortable home surrounded with barns and hay stacks. This is the way the people of Casselton feel too, and they hope with the decease of the original proprietors there will come a separation of their great holdings of land.

Casselton has about eight hundred people by actual census in the dull season of the year, and the number is increased to ten or twelve hundred during the summer season, when the town is full of absentee land owners and harvest hands employed on the neighboring big farms. The place might well call itself a railway centre, for, besides the great east and west thoroughfare of the Northern Pacific, the Manitoba comes in from Wahpeton and goes northward in two lines, one of which again forks, so that there are terminal points at Maple, Portland and Hope. The town doesn't care for its many roads, however, and thinks it would be better off with only one. The others take business away by building up local grain elevators and small trading points in the vicinity. Casselton has two newspapers, the *Reporter*, edited by Mr. Kilbourn, a pioneer in Dakota journalism, and the *Dakota Blizzard*, whose editor, Mr. Ufford, is also the superintendent of the public schools and a frequent contributor to Eastern periodicals. Gen. George W. Cass, at one time president and afterwards director of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, was honored in the naming of the place. An extra syllable was added to make a more euphonious name than Casson

and is now one of the so-called Dalrymple farms, of which Oliver Dalrymple is the manager, though not the owner.

XII. TOWER CITY.

Near Tower City the rolling prairies begin. We are now out of the flat lands of the Red River Valley. The green turf and the greener wheat fields sweep

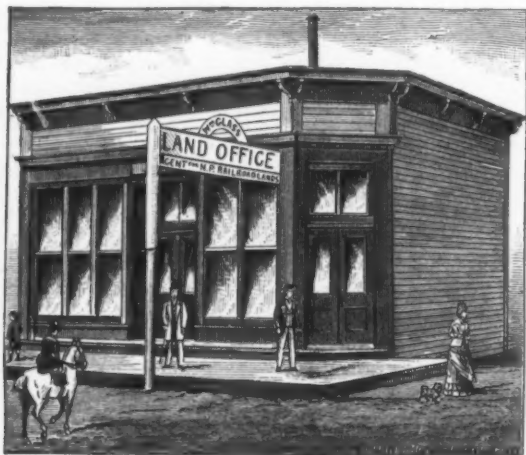


COOPERSTOWN, DAK.—GRIGGS COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

off in graceful undulations to the distant horizon, and every little hillock affords a wide prospect. Tower City is five hundred and fifty feet higher than the Red River at Fargo. It is no city, if the truth must be told, but a prosperous trading village, buying the farmers' wheat and selling them dry goods, groceries and agricultural implements, and mending

There begins to be a change in this, however, and some attention is now being paid to stock raising and to root crops, barley and oats." My informant went on to say that this would in time prove to be a good corn country. The aspect of nature, he said, had entirely changed since he traveled with the Sibley expedition and chased the Sioux across the Missouri River, in 1862. Then the great prairies looked dry and desolate, and grass only flourished around the small lakes and water holes. Now the whole region is covered with a luxuriant growth of native grass. The rainfall increases every year as the country is more generally cultivated, and no fear of severe drought is now felt by the settlers. In its natural state the soil was hard and caked, or, to use my friend's expression, "the prairie was hide-bound," so that the water ran off instead of sinking in.

The father of Tower City is G. H. Ellsbury, who came out from Winona, Minnesota, in 1879, and bought of Charlemagne Tower, of Philadelphia, the section of land on which the town now stands. He laid out the townsite, but the railroad company had so little faith in the place that for a long time they refused to put in a side track. Letters were taken, tied to a barrel hoop and held out to the mail agent, who put his arm through the hoop without the train stopping; and the fresh meat which the settlers ordered from Fargo was usually pitched out into the ditch. Now there are about seven hundred inhabitants in the place. They have a handsome school building, and are going to have a Baptist college before long. Charlemagne Tower has agreed to endow the college with \$100,000 as soon as the building is erected. Mr. Tower gives two hundred and fifty dollars to every church society as soon as it puts up a building, and this liberality has already encouraged the erection of three pretty little sanctuaries. Mr. Ellsbury is an amateur artist who made sketches for Harper's *Weekly* in the Sibley expedition, and a few years ago sketched several of the Northern Pacific towns for the railroad company. He has about 1,000 acres in wheat, but is much more proud of his success in demonstrating that fruits will grow here than of his broad acres of grain. On his place near



COOPERSTOWN, DAK.—LAND OFFICE OF WM. GLASS.

would be. Gen. Cass has the credit of being one of the first two men to venture a large amount of money in experimenting with wheat culture in the Red River Valley. In partnership with Benjamin P. Cheney, of Boston, he opened the first extensive farm in North Dakota. This farm was near Casselton,

their wagons and plows. "How is it possible," I asked a citizen, "that so many stores sustain themselves in a place of this size?" "Because the farmer buys everything," he replied. "As a rule they raise only wheat, and they sow just as many acres as they possibly can, giving them no time for other crops.

the town he has apple, pear and plum trees, and currant, raspberry, gooseberry, and blackberry bushes. He has also fields of Kentucky blue grass, which grows so luxuriantly as to produce a thick mat covering the ground, and fields of timothy and red and white clover. Mr. Ellsbury, like all experienced



JAMESTOWN, DAK.—JAMES RIVER NATIONAL BANK.

North Dakota farmers whom I meet, is thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of diversified farming.

There is an artesian well in Tower City, and a pretty waiter girl in the hotel will go out and bring you in a pitcher of the water at breakfast, if you ask her. It has a mild, saline taste, and is said to possess about the same qualities as Congress water.

XIII. VALLEY CITY AND SANBORN.

Valley City impresses one as a town which is taking a rest preparatory to making a fresh start. It grew for a time with great rapidity, and in a very few years obtained the substantial improvements for

over from finance to theology, and now centres in the pretty little stone church of the Episcopal denomination. This dispute is a matter rather for daily newspaper gossip than comment in a magazine, and may be dismissed here with the remark that it absorbs a good deal of the energy of Valley City people which might better be expended in the devel-



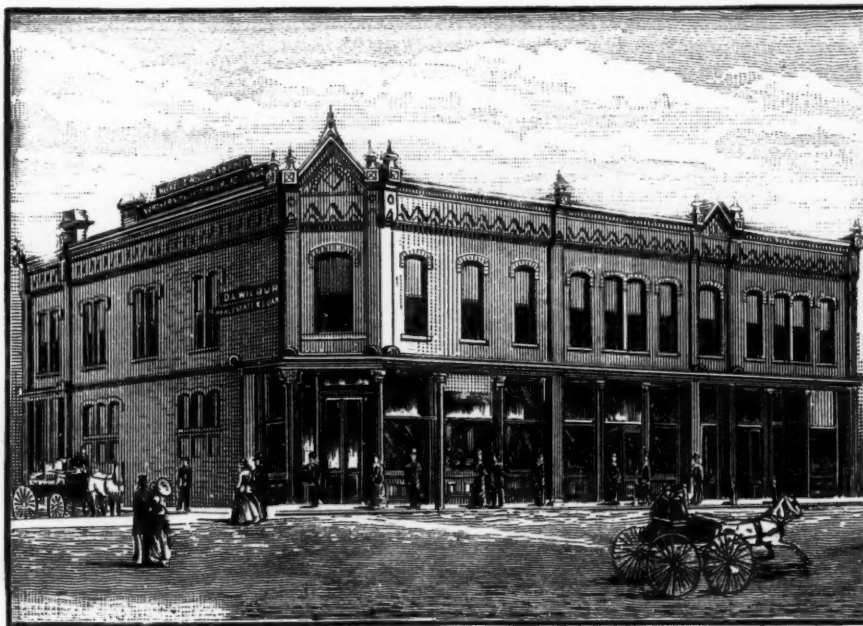
JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA.
[From a sketch by John Passmore.]

There is as yet no rush of invalids and pleasure seekers to imbibe this invigorating fluid.

Tower City is a local option place. The people have voted that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold, and consequently there are no saloons. A member of THE NORTHWEST staff was walking along the street looking at the signs, when he was tapped on the shoulder by a man, who said: "I presume, sir, you are looking for a place where you can get a glass of beer?" THE NORTHWEST man at that time was not on that particular quest, but he nodded assent, and his guide conducted him to a room which was furnished with a few bare pine tables and cheap chairs. "This," he said, "is our club room." He then opened a door to a smaller room in the rear, where a barkeeper produced a rather shabby volume and requested the stranger to register his name. "What for?" asked the visitor. "That makes you a member of the club," said the barkeeper. "You can then get drinks without violating the law." The stranger complied. About two hundred names were registered, attached to a draft of a constitution and by-laws of the "Qui-Vive Club, formed for the purpose of sociability, recreation and mutual improvement." The stock of stimulants kept on hand by this institution for its members was neither remarkable for quality nor variety. It consisted of a little whisky in an old bitters bottle and a keg of beer. Perhaps the local option business in Tower City is a good thing; at all events, no very tempting methods have been introduced to evade the prohibitory ordinance.

which all county seat towns are ambitious, and for which many of them have to wait a long time. It has an imposing court house of Milwaukee brick, a very pretty school house of the same material, a large hotel, also of brick and three stories high, and many substantial banks and business blocks. There are besides four or five churches, a big water power flouring mill, and three newspapers, one of them a daily. Having obtained all these creditable things,

opment of their handsome town, alike fortunate in its situation and its evidences of substantial growth. The place lies in the valley of the Sheyenne, sheltered by high green bluffs and embraced by the winding waters of the beautiful little river, which in one of its loops incloses an attractive bit of woodland that has been converted into a city park. This forest of elm, ash and oak is thrust up into the very heart of the town and you can look out into its leafy recesses from the upper windows of the hotel. THE NORTHWEST did not tarry long enough in Valley City to make a picture of the town, which shows to best advantage from the hills south of the river and seems a veritable nook of peace and contentment. Our artist sketched one of the many pleasant dwellings, and besides made a picture to illustrate two of the most important business industries of Dakota, which are combined in this case under the management of a single person, Mr. A. H. Gray—the lumber trade and the sale of agricultural implements. In a region where there is little timber and no saw mills and where all lumber for buildings and fences must be brought in from a distance, the lumber yards with their piles of fresh boards make a great show in all the towns; so do the plows, harrows, rollers and twine binders which stand out of doors, gorgeous in fresh paint, awaiting purchasers. In course of time the big skating rinks, whose short-lived popularity is now almost at an end, will no doubt serve a more useful purpose in sheltering this machinery. It deserves better treatment than to be allowed to stand out in the rainstorms, but in few



JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA.—DOOLITTLE BLOCK. [Photo. by C. L. Judd.]

the town can afford to wait a while. Its further progress is, I am afraid, somewhat delayed by a persistent and unfortunate dispute, which has divided the people of the place into two factions. This quarrel is said to have grown originally out of the starting of a second bank and the rivalry of the two institutions. However, this may be, it has passed

towns are there buildings large enough to house it, such quantities are brought in every spring for the summer sales. The farmers, as a rule, treat the machinery no better than the agents. It has to take its chances in all weathers from the end of harvest to the beginning of the next working season. After a while the settlers will find that it pays to put up a fifteen dollar shed to protect a two hundred and twenty-five dollar harvester.

Sanborn, named in honor of the local treasurer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, stands out in the level prairie, surrounded by great wheat fields and wide stretches of untilled land covered with grass and flowers. From the broad piazza of the hotel shown in our sketch, there is an uninterrupted view over miles and miles of this green, sunny country. The limit of vision in most directions is the horizon line, where it meets the level land, but off to the south there is a range of hills, one of which is high enough to be called a butte, if it stood in Western Dakota or Montana. There is a legend that the Indians or French *voyageurs* called it Pretty Butte, but the name has not found its way into the geographical nomenclature of the neighborhood. On one of the hills of this range is a mound, which was opened not long ago by two young men from Sanborn. They were rewarded for their labor by a plentiful harvest of skulls and bones, and, what was far better, by a broken vase of pottery. More than three-fourths of the vase was perfect, and most of the other pieces were found. Of course, this discovery leads to the supposition that the bones are not those of Indians, but of the ancient race of mound builders, whose relics have been found in the valley of the Missouri as far up as Mandan. It has, I believe, been supposed hitherto that this mysterious people clung closely to the river banks, where they could readily fortify themselves against their savage assaults, but if the mound near Sanborn is of their building then they must have occupied the level prairie country between the Red River and the Missouri. One of the skulls taken from this mound was shown me. It was of such a symmetrical shape and with so well developed a forehead that it seemed to imply a milder and more intelligent race than the wild Indian of the plains.

Sanborn has about five hundred people, engaged in mercantile pursuits, the mechanical trades and farming on the neighboring prairies. One of the grain elevators of the place is of the new cylindrical pattern adopted by the Lenham Company. It resembles an enormous water tank. This new system is said to have decided advantages for small elevators, in the way of economy in construction and in handling grain. Sanborn is the point of junction with the main line of a branch road running up to Cooperstown, built two years ago, which is doing excellent service in developing a rich country in Griggs County and in the northern part of Barnes,

XIV. COOPERSTOWN ON THE ROLLING PRAIRIE.

There are parts of Dakota which the inhabitants assure you are rolling prairie, where it would be necessary to use a leveling instrument to make cer-



JAMESTOWN, DAK.—WINSLOW & BICKFORD BLOCK. [Photo. by C. L. Judd.]

tain that the ground does actually roll, but in Griggs County it rolls beyond any question. The simile of the ocean is badly overworked in descriptions of prairie regions, but really there is none other that fits. Around Sanborn you might compare the prairie to a chopping sea, but in Griggs County it is the sea

To reach Griggs County you leave the main line of the Northern Pacific at Sanborn and travel due north over a well built little branch road, whose one daily mixed train lands you in Cooperstown in about two and a half hours, the distance being thirty-six miles. When you have made about twenty miles you see right ahead, far across the swelling prairie, a prodigious object, magnified by the peculiar atmosphere in Dakota, which seems to work upon men's imagination as well as upon material things. This object looks as grand as a royal palace. It proves on near approach to be the court house of Griggs County, a substantial brick building that stands "four square to all the winds that blow," and is surmounted by a lofty tower which catches every stray breeze that may miss the rest of the edifice. It is said that this really imposing structure, which, by the way, cost \$30,000, and is a heavy burden for the settlers in a new country to carry, was put up to anchor the county seat securely in Cooperstown. When I first saw it I fancied the founders of the town might have had designs upon the future state capital of Dakota, for the building is large enough to comfortably house a legislature. "If anything is worth doing it is worth doing well," said one of the inhabitants of the place. "We have got a rich country and when it is well farmed we will need a big court house."

Now there is not much to speak of in Cooperstown, in the way of buildings, except this towering court house. There is a creditable school house, however, and a hotel of fair dimensions. The rest of the town is very new and very "wooden," but it is only two years old, and the tributary country is still so new that picking up the buffalo bones off the prairie and hauling them to the railroad is an important industry. As I write, a considerable hill of these bones near THE NORTHWEST car is growing apace from the constant contributions from farmers' wagons. The bones are worth ten dollars a ton delivered at the railroad. Some say they are ground up to make fertilizers in Chicago, and others declare that they are burned to refine white sugar in New York. Whichever is the fact, they are in active demand, and the sale of them has kept the wolf of poverty from many a poor settler's door. A little ready money is the great need of the farmers in a new country, and this need becomes sorest after they have been on their land a year or two and have expended the small reserves of cash they brought with them. The harvest of buffalo bones has proven a great help to them.

I have heard people complain of Dakota on the ground that there is no scenery in it. The flat prairies are indeed monotonous and depressing, but I wish scenery-loving people who have a poor opinion of Dakota could have driven out with me this morning to the

high lands overlooking the valley of the Sheyenne. The hills in the far distance were as blue as the Alsatian Mountains of the favorite song, and far down in the valley were groves of dark green woods, while a broad silver bend marked the course of the river.



JAMESTOWN, DAK.—RESIDENCE OF GEORGE R. TOPLIFF, ESQ. [Photo. by C. L. Judd.]

after a storm, heaving in prodigious swells. Some of these long rollers look like mountains when seen from a distance, so high and blue and hazy do they seem. But they are only one or two hundred feet above the level of the broad depressions between them.

high lands overlooking the valley of the Sheyenne. The hills in the far distance were as blue as the Alsatian Mountains of the favorite song, and far down in the valley were groves of dark green woods, while a broad silver bend marked the course of the river.

Nor was the landscape lacking in life, for more than fifty homesteads were in sight where the farmers were plowing; and for animation in the foreground of the picture, there were the plovers that hardly took the trouble to get out of our horses way, and the little gophers that scrambled into their holes. Coopers-town has a good local newspaper, whose editor has a genius for quaint humor. He has invented a character known as old Mr. Jimpson-weed, whose sayings and doings are copied in the press far and wide, generally without credit, so that probably few newspaper readers who have laughed over them know that they were written by Fred Adams, of the Coopers-town *Courier*, far out in the new country of North Dakota. Some day Mr. Adams will find a wider field for his talents.

The Cooper brothers, T. J. and R. C., own 27,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Coopers-town, about 6,000 of which they are cultivating in wheat. This is an enormous landed estate, but it is not the intention of the brothers to hold it from settlement. They are ready to sell small tracts whenever they can get what they consider a fair price. Government land in the county is all taken by settlers. The railroad company has a good deal of land, however, but this is being sold so rapidly that it will all probably be disposed of during the coming year. Such portions of the great Cooper tracts as the owners do not wish to hold for their own permanent use will then come into market.

I have seen no county in Dakota more attractive to settlers or better adapted to mixed farming than Griggs County. It is well watered by the Sheyenne River and its large tributary, Bald Hill Creek. The land is well drained, and the whole region is pleasing to the eye. Railway lands in this county can be bought for from \$4 to \$6 an acre, payable in preferred stock of the company, which costs a little less than forty cents on the dollar. Thus the actual cost of the \$4 an acre land is only \$1.60. This is an absurdly low price for land lying within a few miles of a railway and within sight of a county seat town. The \$4 an acre land, costing the purchaser \$1.60 net, is classed as grazing land, but on each quarter section there is all the good plow land a farmer could work with one team, while the remainder is excellent pasture or meadow. The \$6 an acre land, costing net \$2.40, is all first-class farming land. For wheat culture, combined with stock raising and general farming, this section cannot be surpassed in North Dakota. Mr. Wm. Glass, the agent for the sale of the Northern Pacific lands in Griggs County, was one of the first settlers of Coopers-town, and has done an important work in developing the surrounding country. He has become an authority on the merits of every quarter section for farming and grazing purposes. In relation to lands and settlement intending emigrants should address him. For investments and other financial matters, we recommend the Bank of Coopers-town as well informed and thoroughly responsible.

XV. JAMESTOWN.

It is always a pleasure to stop in Jamestown. The place is so well built, so clean, so enterprising and so

advancement of the place. There is also a solid three-story business block containing a bank and three storerooms on the ground floor. This building fronts seventy-five feet on Main Street and eighty feet on Fourth Avenue, and is owned by R. M. Winslow, of Jamestown, and S. M. Bickford, of Lockhaven, Penn. It was built with such care that Mr. Winslow is said to have examined every brick before

he allowed it to go into the walls. The store fronts are lighted by eleven large French plate glasses. In the columns and lintels supporting the walls above the open fronts are 35,000 pounds of iron. The foundation walls are thirty inches thick and composed of Dakota granite. There are nine chimneys and ventilators extending from basement to roof. The cost of this fine building was \$35,000. The two hotels and the chief business blocks of the place are shown in our illustrations. We also give a picture of the handsome residence of Mr. Geo. R. Toppliff, the banker, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., who came to Dakota for his health and found not only what he was in search of, but also a large field for his business talents. The James River Valley Bank building, of light brown sandstone, and the Doolittle block, included in our

illustrations, are two of the best structures in the town. Mr. A. A. Doolittle, the owner of the latter, ran the Dakota House for two years, until it burned, Dec. 30, 1883, when he built the Doolittle block. He is now engaged in the real estate, loan and insurance business.

The surprising thing about Jamestown, which strikes all strangers, is, that so young a place, out on the Dakota prairies, should be so far advanced in all the best features of city life. Its favorable situation has, no doubt, had much to do with its rapid progress, but it is men that make a city rather than conspicuous natural advantages. Other places in Dakota that started even in the race with Jamestown a few years ago have been left far behind. The "Metropolis of the James River Valley," as the place is often called, was fortunate in having among its early settlers a few men of decided enterprise and force of character, who had faith in the town and who worked together to build it up. It would perhaps be invidious to mention some of these men, but the names of Anton Klaus, E. P. Wells, D. L. Wilbur, S. McGinnis, B. S. Russell, and Johnson Nickens will occur to anyone at all familiar with Jamestown history. The leading men of Jamestown had a standard of what the place should be. They wanted a clean, moral,

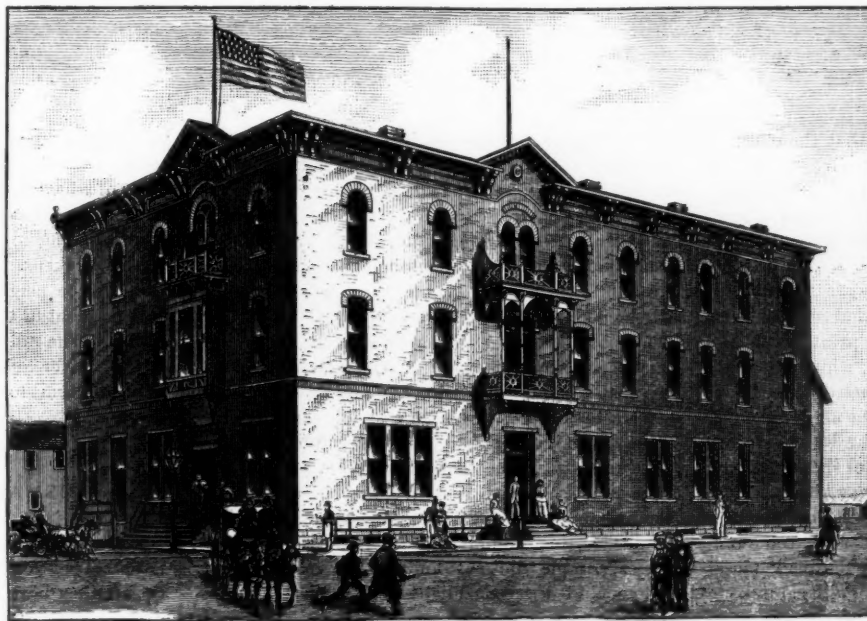
intelligent town, and they went to work to draw to it people of their own class and ideas. The result is a peculiarly attractive little city in which are found as many people of taste, education and high social standing as any town of its size in the East can show.

Not one-fifth of the land in the country tributary to Jamestown is occupied. Between the former



JAMESTOWN, DAK.—THE KLAUS HOUSE. [Photo. by C. L. Judd.]

sensible and substantial in its plan and development, and it contains so many cultivated people, that a visit is sure to be agreeable, and to leave such pleasant recollections in the traveler's mind that he is pretty certain to come again. This is my fourth visit to the place, each being separated by an interval of a year. Every time I have noticed a remarkable growth. During the past year the conspicuous signs of progress are two large, handsome, well furnished and well managed hotels, each of brick and three stories in height,



JAMESTOWN, DAK.—METROPOLITAN HOTEL. [Photo. by C. L. Judd.]

and each rivaling the other in general excellence. These are the Metropolitan, built by the Lloyds banking firm and managed by Samuel Matthews, and the Klaus, owned by Anton Klaus and managed by Anton Klaus, Jr., with Dan. E. Foley as clerk. The elder Klaus built the first hotel in Jamestown and has been conspicuous ever since in efforts for the

railroad lands now held by speculators, the pre-emption claims, whose owners have proved up after spending the requisite six months upon them in the most diminutive shanties permitted by the law, and the tree claims, where there is some little attempt at timber culture, but no residents, the country has rather a vacant look. The occupied lands are all highly productive and the farms wear a thrifty and comfortable air. So far as I can learn the farmers who were badly hit by the low price of wheat last season were the men who farm on a large scale, having each from one to five sections in crop. The quarter section settlers who diversified their crops and kept cattle have tided over the hard times without much trouble, and with the present prospect of from eighty to ninety cents a bushel for this year's grain they feel quite cheerful. There is ample room for more people in Stutsman County. The James River ought to be lined with stock farms from end to end of this rich county, and the beautiful rolling uplands should be thickly settled. It is a pity to see so much fine land lying in a state of nature within a few miles of a flourishing town of 3,500 inhabitants. The purchasers of railway lands have come down a good deal in their ideas of prices of late, and many are now willing to sell at very moderate figures. Pre-emption and tree claims, held by people living in towns or by people who don't live in Dakota at all, can also be had at very low rates, considering their nearness to markets and railroad facilities.

A drive over the prairies in the green and flowery month of June is the best medicine possible for dyspepsia or low spirits. The air has a wonderful tonic quality and confirmed invalids from the East, who have given up all hopes of health before coming here, usually get back their old elasticity and vigor. People say it is the ozone in the air. I don't know whether the scientists will admit that there is any more ozone in Dakota than elsewhere, but no one can fail to feel the stimulating quality of this atmosphere. To drive over the prairies behind a good team, heedless of roads and steering at will across the broad expanses of grass and flowers, is a delightful experience. At this season the air is filled with the perfume of the yellow borage and of a singular ragged tufted plant, shaped like a paint brush and looking more like leaf than bloom, which has a perfume like honeysuckle. A little patch of this curious pinkish-green blossom will scent the air for the distance of a mile.

Jamestown is the junction point for the Jamestown Northern Railway, now, after many delays, completed to Minnewaukan at the western end of Devils Lake. This road brings a great deal of trade into the town. The James River Valley Railroad, a local enterprise, now owned by two St. Paul capitalists, who bought it lately for a trifle, is nearly all graded to Ellendale. Jamestown people hope it will fall into the hands of the Rock Island or Milwaukee Company, so as to give them a competitive line to St. Paul and Chicago. It may be questioned, however, whether this would be for the real interest of the town. Would it not tend more to the growth of Jamestown if the road were a feeder to the Northern Pacific system and thus brought business into the place instead of taking it away? A rival trunk line would speedily agree with the Northern Pacific as

to freight rates and its interests would lead it to draw southward the trade of the country naturally tributary to Jamestown. A local road like the Northern, bringing business to Jamestown from the country down the valley and at the same time affording a connection for passenger traffic between the northern and southern parts of Dakota would be, it seems to many, the best solution of the question.

XVI.

STEELE AND THEREABOUTS.

The town of Steele, lying high up on the broad plateau between the valleys of the James and Missouri rivers, has three conspicuous monuments seen afar across the prairies and wheat fields. One is the handsome brick court house shown in our illustration, built by Col. W. S. Steele for a hotel and sold by him to the county commissioners at a price said to be \$8,000 below its cost. The commissioners have changed its interior arrangement and put in the basement cells for a jail, thus converting it into one of the largest and best arranged county buildings in Dakota. The other two monuments are huge cylindrical brick towers forty feet high and about fifteen

level of the James and from sixteen to eighteen feet above the sea level. Its surface is broken by numerous ranges of low, grassy hills, and it contains many rich plains and pretty valleys. Its width, where traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad, is about sixty miles. It has no streams, the drainage running into lakes and ponds. A large portion of the land is exceedingly fertile, and all that is not adapted to farming is valuable for sheep and cattle raising. More than four-fifths of the wheat shipped from Steele last season graded No. 1 hard at Duluth. The success of the farms of Col. Steele, Mr. Van Deusen and others drew attention to the merits of this region, and during the past three years it has been slowly but steadily filling up with settlers.

Steele is the county seat of Kidder County, and in the course of its brief three years' history has obtained a population of about seven hundred souls. A very pretty feature of the town is the long, broad belts of young trees which skirt both sides of the railroad track for a distance of nearly two miles. These trees were planted by the railroad company to demonstrate the feasibility of growing timber on the prairies and to form nurseries from which young saplings are obtained to set out in the cuts of the road

for windbreaks. The Steele plantations have flourished so luxuriantly that young trees are now given away by the thousands to the settlers in the vicinity.

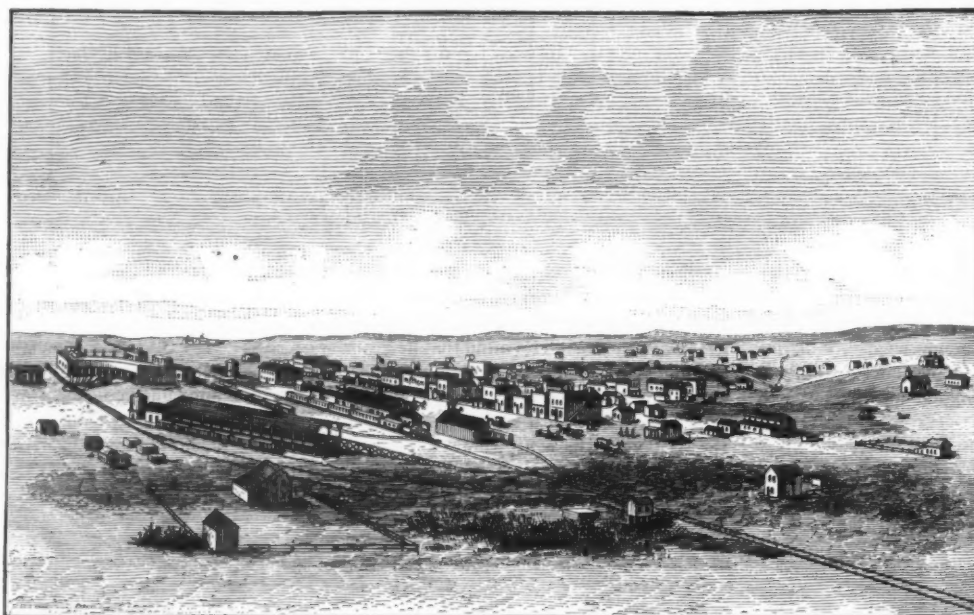
An obliging citizen drove me southward six miles across the prairie to show me Lake Etta, a narrow strip of water two or three miles long, without any outlet, and fringed on the southern side by a natural growth of small wild cherry and box elder trees. This little forest seems to show that nothing is wanting for the growth of trees in this region except protection from fires. The prevailing winds blow from the north, and the lake forms a barricade, sheltering the tract of woodland on its southern shore. We

passed a number of pleasant farms with fine, growing crops of wheat and oats. One of the settlers whose place we saw was still too poor to buy a team, but was managing to make a living for his family by raising chickens. There is plenty of good homestead land in the neighborhood of Steele. Settlers need only go eight or ten miles from the town to get good claims. The railroad lands are so cheap that many settlers prefer to buy them on ten years' time, rather than conform to the laws regulating homestead claims.

XVII.

BISMARCK AND MANDAN.

These two towns used to suppose themselves to be rivals. They accordingly cherished a mutual dislike. Of late they have come to see that each has its own distinctive territory to draw upon and that the broad, muddy Missouri makes a natural boundary which trade will not cross. The country east of the river belongs to Bismarck, that west of it to Mandan. Neither town can rob the other of any part of its tributary country. Each has a bright future, but each is just now rather dispirited and dull because of the hard times. Bismarck subscribed itself poor in order to secure the territorial capital and it will be a year or two before it recovers from the depression caused by over speculation and heavy expenditures connected with the



DICKINSON, DAKOTA. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

feet in diameter. Under each is a well; within each is a tank so thoroughly protected by thick walls that the water will not freeze when the mercury is forty degrees below zero, and on top of each is a windmill. These wells are about eighty feet deep. It would be a serious matter for each householder in Steele to dig a well of such a depth, hence these two convenient arrangements for public water supply.

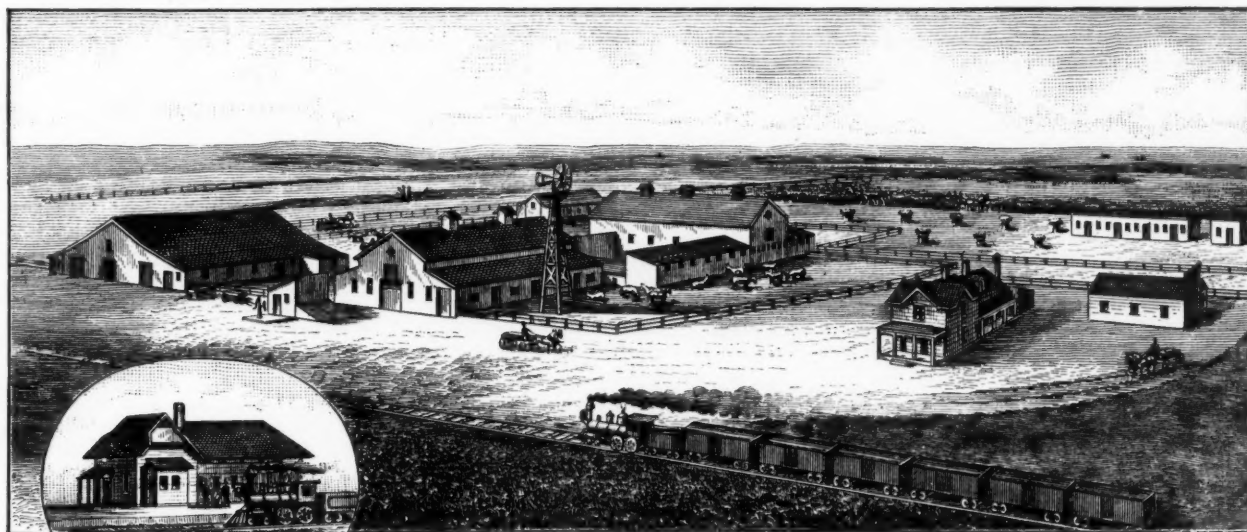
The town is entirely the creation of the energy and persistence of one man, Col. Steele, who began farming at this point a few years ago and determined to make a town. It was not an easy job, for the movement of emigration had constantly jumped across the coteaux from the James River Valley to the Missouri Slope. It was necessary first to remove the popular prejudice against the coteaux country. Doubtless this prejudice arose from the peculiar name. People did not know what *coteau* meant, and concluded that it might mean something unfavorable to settlement. The name, as used, is a misnomer. The early French *voyageurs* called the elevated plain which skirts the Missouri River for three or four hundred miles on its eastern side, *plateau du coteau du Missouri*,—literally, the plateau by the side of the Missouri. The English settlers caught up the last word of the phrase, and in course of time came to apply it to the hills and ridges which diversify the surface of the plateau and in a general way to the plateau region as a whole. This plateau has an elevation of about four hundred feet above the

removal of the seat of government of Dakota and the erection of the capitol building. The business men exhausted their resources of money and are now in no condition to make further efforts for the growth of the town. The town is big enough for its present business, however. The thing needed now is to set-

projector and proprietor of the town. It began to make some mark for itself on the face of the landscape in 1883; now it has over five hundred inhabitants and is a bright, healthful and hopeful place, sending out word to the East through the columns of its newspaper, the *Press*, that there are rich farm-

Missouri River, with occasional "breaks" of steep hills and now and then an alkali flat.

Dickinson, as I have said, is the creation of the man whose name it bears, the Hon. W. S. Dickinson, who formerly represented St. Lawrence County in the New York State Senate and was afterward, for

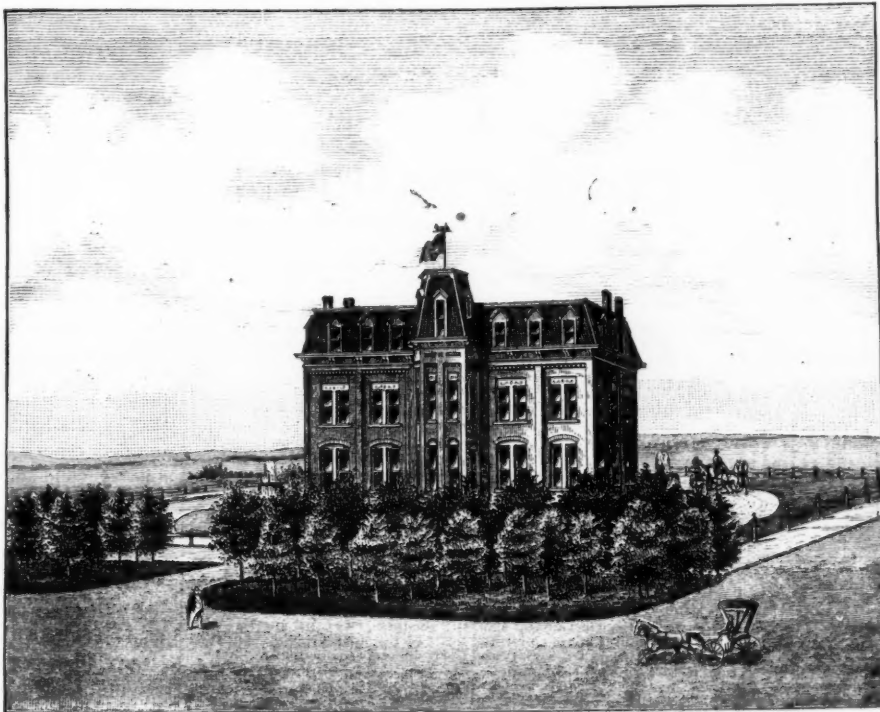


TAPPAN, DAK.—JOHN VAN DEUSEN'S TROY FARM. [From a sketch by John Passmore]

tle the rich country of the Missouri Slope with farmers and stock raisers.

Mandan is coming along slowly and feels happy just now over the advent of about two hundred and fifty families who have established themselves this season in the adjacent country. About as many more have gone out to New Salem, thirty miles west, and the other new colonies on the railroad have also received large accessions to their numbers. If real estate speculation had not scattered Mandan in a long, thin line hugging the railroad track it would present a much more business-like appearance. In course of time all the unoccupied ground will be filled up with buildings, but there was no necessity of spreading the place out so thin at the start and leaving great stretches of bare prairie between the stores and the dwellings. To make matters worse the county commissioners have just determined to build the court house back on the hills where it will be convenient to nobody. This is a folly that ought to be put a stop to by public opinion before it is too late. A court house should be as near the centre of business as possible.

The little red car of THE NORTHWEST did not tarry long either in Bismarck or Mandan and we must reserve illustrations and full descriptions of these two interesting towns for a future number.



STEELE, DAK.—THE COURT HOUSE. [From a sketch by John Passmore.]

and also of root crops. The whole surface of the country, save for the fields of wheat, oats, barley, and millet, is covered with a luxuriant growth of small varieties of grass, the most common of which is the bunch grass. The good arable prairie land tributary to Dickinson reaches northward about forty miles to the Knife River and southward about the same distance to the Cannon Ball. This same stretch of agricultural country is bounded on the west by the Bad Lands of Dakota and extends east to the

many years, the business agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, in Washington. He is now in infirm health at his old home in Malone, and his affairs here in Dakota are managed by his cousin, H. L. Dickinson, a practical farmer, who is heartily enlisted in the work of developing the West Dakota country. The red structures of the Dickinson farm, just west of the town, are the most conspicuous objects of the place, excepting the brick shops of the railroad.

There is not much show in the way of buildings in the town, but the little wooden houses and stores are neat and comfortable. No small advantage in a business way is derived from the trade of the cattle ranches in the Bad Lands. Last year Dickinson was the second shipping point for cattle in importance on the entire Northern Pacific line. The number of animals shipped to Eastern markets was 26,000. The citizens don't regard this business as permanent and indeed they don't wish it to be permanent, for cattlemen don't drive across a well-settled country. As soon as the rich lands around Dickinson are more fully occupied by farmers, the cowboys will take their herds to some point on the railway where there are open ranges all around. Dickinson's prospects of growth and permanent prosperity depend chiefly upon agriculture.

The climate here is considerably milder than that of

places in the same latitude in Eastern Dakota and Minnesota, spring comes a week or two earlier, and the force of the cold north winds is considerably broken by the numerous ranges of hills. Another circumstance is greatly in favor of the farmers: their fuel costs them little or nothing. The whole country is underlaid with seams of lignite coal which crops out on the hillsides in such a convenient fashion that it requires but little labor with pick and shovel to fill a

(Continued on eighteenth page.)

XVIII.

DICKINSON AND ITS TRIBUTARY COUNTRY.

Dickinson is a good example of a new town of rapid and recent growth. When I first saw the place, in 1882, it had no buildings except those erected for railway purposes, and a farm house and barns just put up by W. S. Dickinson, of Malone, N. Y., the

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, JULY, 1885.

PEOPLE who think of going West should keep in mind one fact. Outside of Dakota and Washington there is now nowhere in the United States any considerable bodies of good Government land open to homestead settlement requiring neither clearing nor irrigation.

EVERYTHING is working for the prosperity of the Dakota farmers this year. The growing wheat gives promise of an abundant harvest. Good prices are assured by the partial failure of the crop in the winter wheat states and the diminished acreage sown, and the short crop in England. It is reasonably certain that Dakota hard wheat will bring from twenty-five to thirty cents a bushel more than last year. With a heavy yield and fair prices Dakota will come out of the hard times at a single step and immigration will again flow in a big stream to her fertile, sunny lands, instead of in little dribbling streams as during the past year.

LAND COMMISSIONER SPARKS' order suspending final proof and the issuing of patents on all homestead claims, pending investigation of alleged frauds, is a nullification of law, as arbitrary as it is absurd. No executive officer has power to set aside a law to await his convenience. The settlers have rights as well as the commissioner. Their right to their patents as soon as they have completed their five years' residence is absolute and does not depend on the pleasure of a government official at Washington. If there are fraudulent claims Mr. Sparks' business is to discover them without injury or inconvenience to honest men. To borrow a slang phrase, Mr. Sparks is "too previous." In his eagerness to get a reputation as a land reformer he forgets that settlers have rights that even a land commissioner is bound to respect.

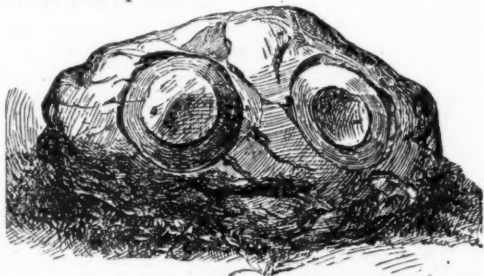
HIGH INTEREST CHARGES.

Probably the chief obstacle to the development of our new Western territory is the exorbitant interest demanded for the loan of money. The rate appears to have no fixed ratio to that prevailing in older communities, but seems to be gauged, in most cases, solely by the needs of the borrower. Where there is a usury law it is evaded by a charge for commission in procuring the loan, which charge is frequently considerably greater than the annual legal interest on the amount borrowed. The lender is not himself the owner of the capital he employs, or if he is he professes not to be, and his demand for a commission for his services in obtaining the loan does not, therefore, run against the provisions of the law. We have heard of numerous instances where the commission added to the interest amounted to over thirty per cent a year; cases, too, in which the security was perfectly good. For small loans, secured by chattel mortgages on crops or implements, the price demanded is sometimes as high as five per cent a month. Of course, such rates are ruinous to the borrower. No legitimate business, perhaps least of all farming, can prosper and pay such extortionate rates for the use of capital.

The common excuse for this Shylockism is, that, after all, the rate for money is fixed by the laws of supply and demand. The amount of capital available in a new country for loaning is always a great deal less than is required for the needs of the settlers. This excuse for extortion is, however, indefeasible. On the same ground, a country merchant establishing himself a long way from any other store might charge a dollar a pound for sugar, on the plea that he was the only man that had any to sell in the neighborhood and his customers could not afford to make the long journey to another store; or a teamster having the only team to hire in a neighborhood might demand fifty dollars a day for its use, although the current and fair price might be only five dollars. There should, of course, be always a reasonable relation between the actual value of the services performed and the compensation demanded. The price of the use of money in a new country should be based on the cost of procuring it for loaning, and not on the urgent necessities of settlers, who need it to buy seed wheat for their crops or clothing for their families.

One of the greatest blessings in newly settled regions is an honest, well managed bank, which has standing and influence enough to bring in capital from the East, and conscience and public spirit enough to loan it out at reasonable rates of interest. There is room for such banks all over our new Northwest region. Let the young capitalists and financiers of the Eastern states who are looking about for an opening to make a profitable investment of their means, go out to Dakota or Montana or Washington. They will not fail to find an active demand for their funds at higher rates of interest than prevail in the East, but they will have the satisfaction of aiding in building up the great states of the future and to bring contentment and prosperity to thousands of homes.

In the article on Brainerd in our last issue the initials of Col. Sleeper went wrong somehow. The Colonel writes to say that his initials are C. B., and not C. W. as printed.



SANDSTONE BOULDER FOUND IN THE JAMES RIVER VALLEY
NEAR JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA.



THE plentiful June rains have put the cattle ranges in excellent condition. Such a growth of grass was never known. A Glendive editor, speaking on this subject, said: "You could cut hay this summer on ground where you could not pasture a cayuse pony last year."

I SAW in Miles City a San Francisco Chinese directory, handsomely printed in red and green ink, and giving in both Chinese and English the names of the principal Chinese residents. The addresses were in English alone. If you wished to find the street and number of Tuck Hop, or Sun Wing, or Chin Tie, or Hop Sing, or Joy Wo, or Lum Lung, you had only to look in this directory. And yet some people say the pig-tailed Celestials are a barbarous folk.

OUT in Dakota I encountered the usual summer wave of rumors about the extension of railroads. They were all based on talk. There will be little or no railway construction in the Northwest this year. The existing roads were built in advance of settlement, and must wait for the country to fill up before pushing their tracks any further. The companies are thinking more of ways and means to earn their fixed charges than of laying more track.

PARIS GIBSON tells me that his new town at the Great Falls of the Missouri is growing slowly, and that he does not expect any rapid progress until it gets a railroad. This it will soon, he thinks, but whether the track will come first from Helena or from the Canadian Pacific line, he does not know. The great deposit of coal in Sand Coulee and the enormous water power of the river will, no doubt, attract a road and build up a large town at no very distant day.

I HEAR many complaints of the workings of the grain elevator system in Dakota. The farmers believe they are robbed in shrinkage and grading. In one little town I was told that the manager of the elevator, whose salary is seventy-five dollars a month, and who was poor when he took the place three years ago, has bought a farm every year and loans money at five per cent a month interest. "If he shrinks all the wheat that goes through the elevator one pound a bushel more than is done at Duluth when it gets there, he makes enough to buy a good farm on every crop," said my informant. The fault of the elevator system is that it is for the direct pecuniary interest of the man who takes the farmers' grain to grade it low and shrink it excessively for dirt or fine seeds, while the farmers have no appeal. The transaction is one-sided. The remedy lies in competing elevators and an open market.

ANOTHER evil in the present system of wheat handling is the mixing of all grain of the same grade in the elevators and in transit. An Eastern miller cannot send his agent to Dakota to buy choice wheat with any assurance that he will get the same wheat out of the elevators he puts in. This discourages careful farming. I know a case of a section farmer who went to Minnesota for choice seed and raised a crop of perfectly clean No. 1 hard. He was proud of it. But when it got to the Duluth elevator it was shrunk for wild buckwheat and dirt to about the extent of the average shipments of the season. He hastened to Duluth with a bagful he had taken out of one of the cars when loading. The elevator people said it was the finest sample they had seen, but they were not willing to refund him the one or two cents a bushel they had unjustly deducted from the value of his crop.

THE remarkable increase in the circulation of the *Century Magazine* is by far the most striking phenomenon in the field of current periodical literature. Before beginning the publication of the series of papers on the civil war, the *Century* issued nearly 150,000 copies monthly. This was a great and unparalleled circulation. Now it is printing about 300,000. The plan of this series was a stroke of rare practical genius. It took into account the fact that the war is so far distant now that the old soldiers would like to read about it again, and the no less important fact that a new generation of readers has arisen who have no recollections of the great struggle, and to whom it is historical and romantic. The management of the *Century* has all along been characterized by a keener insight into the currents of public thought than is found in the editorial rooms of other magazines. Its standard is high, but it seeks something more than literary merit; its articles are, in great part, on the freshest topics of the times, topics that intelligent people everywhere are talking about and want to read about.

I WAS shown in Jamestown, by Mr. Topliff, the banker, an object that provokes much curiosity and speculation. It is a small plaster of Paris mould, in three pieces, made to produce the figure of a dog, about seven inches high. The mould was discovered by a farmer in Logan County, while gathering buffalo bones in an uninhabited portion of the prairie. It was partly buried in the ground, and on three sides of it, at an equal distance, were large triangular stones, one pointing due north, the other east and the other west. The mould is nearly perfect, but a small piece is wanting, so that the lower jaw of the dog, in the figure cast in it, does not appear. Mr. Topliff has had several casts made in the mould. The dog stands upon a pedestal, and appears to be a spaniel, with long silky ears and body sheared up to the shoulders. One explanation of this curious relic, and perhaps the most probable one, is that the mould belonged to some of the early French *voyageurs* or traders, and that the figures they made on it were used for trafficking with the Indians for furs.

ANOTHER curious relic, and one of much greater antiquity, is in the possession of Mr. Alfred Dickey, of Jamestown. It is a large sandstone boulder, on the face of which are deep and distinct impressions, evidently formed by plates or platters of metal or earthenware, each about one foot in diameter. This boulder was dug up in the James River Valley, twenty-five miles south of Jamestown. The impressions are of such shape and clearness that they could not possibly have been formed by the attrition of other stones. The evident explanation is, that the plates were left imbedded in the sand, and that the sand subsequently hardened by geologic process into a compact black sandstone mass. The bent form of one of these moulds suggests that the plate was of metal; indeed the shape and size is of a similar shape to the tin plate used by soldiers and frontiersmen. The age of the stone, however, puts this out of the question, and it is probable that the true theory is that the marks were caused by mound builders' pottery, and that the irregularities either existed in the original earthenware or were caused by shrinking and bending while the sand was in process of hardening. The engraving illustrating this remarkable stone is from a drawing made by Mr. John Passmore, after a photograph by Mr. Judd.

I MET at La Moure, Dakota, lately, an old journalistic friend, Arthur Pember, who used to be one of the strong writers on the staff of the *New York Times*, and who cut himself loose from newspaper work about a year ago to seek health and long life on the prairies. Pember was told by his doctor one day that if he did not cease pumping his brains into a daily paper his heart would soon stop pumping blood into his brains. In other words Death stood looking over his shoulder while he was writing editorials. Pember dropped his pen, gathered up his family of

motherless boys and went to Dakota. He bought a mile square of land near La Moure for a stock farm, and is now as bronzed and hearty as though Death had never fixed his eye on him. "Old fellow," he said, as he drove me over the crocus blossoms and turf on the prairies, in the teeth of a strong, odorous breeze, "isn't this better than bending over a desk in a New York newspaper office at midnight with a gas jet just above your nose?" However, I did not believe he had altogether abandoned the pen—never knew a veteran journalist that could give up writing for long—and he finally confessed that he was writing a book to be called "Twenty Years in New York Journalism." It will be a bright book—so much any one might predict who remembers Pember's work on the *Times*.

[Written for *The Northwest*.]

OLD TEX'S STORY.

BY PARMLY BILLINGS.

There is no situation more conducive to thrilling tales than a camp fire; and, although the imagination is often called on for facts, and stories on the order of the Arabian Nights are spun by the light of that cheerful blaze, now and then one listens to a tale that, either in itself or from a knowledge of the author, bears the evidence of truth. I happened, one September night in the year 1884, to be camped with an old cowboy at the foot of the Little Snowy Mountains in Montana. We had at that time a band of horses which we had bought on the Yellowstone, and were taking them to our ranch some way to the north. During the preceding afternoon, and while we were on our way towards the camping place to which I have just alluded, a violent wind storm set in, accompanied by fitful gusts of rain and heavy claps of thunder; and had the storm not been at our backs, enabling us to drift with it, and had we not ridden ahead of the horses, and exerted ourselves to the utmost to keep them from getting away, the chances are that they would have stampeded for parts unknown. For if horses or cattle once get thoroughly frightened and break away one might as well try and stop the wind, and nothing remains to be done but ride along with them until they get over their fright and settle down again. If, during a ride at the head of a stampede, your horse falls, sure death awaits you; so it is impossible to imagine our feelings at the head of that herd, knowing, as we did, that they were liable to make a break at any time, and then we could take our chances. The storm, however, lasted but a short while, and by the time we reached camp the sky had cleared and showed no traces of the recent hurricane. Quickly pulling off our saddles and unloading the pack horse we had a fire going, and supper, consisting of bacon and rainwater, potatoes, rainwater sauce, and rainwater flavored with coffee, was eaten, our pipes were lit, and, as Tex the cowboy said, we began to realize "that we had played lucky in getting no worse a 'ginning' than we did." One must have known Tex to have realized the difference between him and the cow-punching fraternity of which he was a member. He dressed and looked very much the same as all the rest: a broad sombrero, a silk handkerchief knotted round his neck, a flannel shirt, a pair of *chaparejos*, a cartridge belt buckled round his waist, in which were stuck his six-shooter and hunting knife, completed his make-up. At first sight one would have set him down as a typical cowboy, and so he was in every respect but one, and that was in character; for he had a good one. He was steady and straightforward, he never had much to say, but he understood his business as well as the best, and I had often noticed that when any question in regard to stock came up it was Tex that generally settled it. I knew that he had been engaged in handling cattle from the time he had been big enough to ride a cayuse, and I was sure that he must have had some

experiences with frightened cattle that would be well worth listening to. So I made up my mind to ask him. "Tex," I said, "I suppose you have had some pretty rough times with stampeding cattle?"

"Rough times? Yes, you can gamble on that with safety; but a little the roughest play I ever had dealt me was some years ago, in Mexico. I was working for an outfit that had bought some two thousand head of beef steers, four years old and upwards, great wild Texans, and we was a-driving them to Nuevas. Of course we had two crews of men to work 'em, and I happened to be running the night crew. Well, one day in August we struck a small town the name of which I disremember, but, of course, along towards evening the boys started to look the place over and blow what little money they had in, and only two of us were left to hold the cattle for the night. We had not been left alone for more than half an hour before I noticed that we was, with any ordinary luck, going to have a storm that would make things pretty lively, so I sent my partner after the boys, and I recollect saying to him, as he went away, that if he didn't want to see that outfit when he got back he had better take all the time getting there that he possibly could. He hadn't been gone more than fifteen minutes before it grew as black as the devil's boots, and those steers as on-easy as you please. All of a sudden the rain came down, the lightnings flashed, and the thunder, peal after peal, fairly cracked all about me. Then such a bellowing, stamping and snorting I never heard before. I knew it would be but a moment before they would stampede, and, what was more, that they was a-coming my way, and there was nothing to do but to ride ahead of them. It didn't take me such an awful long while to tighten up my 'sinches' and get back into the saddle; and I had no sooner done so than I heard them coming like as though all the devils in hell were let loose, and each one was trying to get away the fastest.

"That was a ride!

"Away we went with the storm. Two thousand head of steers behind me, roaring and racing as though their very lives depended on it, terrified out of all reason. The night black as pitch except when the lightning flashed upon us, and every little while the thunder cracking with fearful reports on every side. Religion never bothered me to any great extent, but that night I made up my mind that I was going to find out what sort of a layout up there was a runnin' this earthly outfit; for I began to realize that my horse was weakening on the deal he was getting and couldn't stand the racket much longer. How long we kept up that terrific pace, or how far we went before I realized that those on the lead had begun to slacken up I did not know. But just as I calculated that the conundrum of life and death was about answered and that I had saved my checks, all of a sudden I took a drop, and it seemed to me as though I was falling through all eternity. Naturally enough all things have an end, and the end of that fall was water, and a mighty long end it was, too. Well, I scrambled out as best I could, more scared than hurt, and I laid on the shore till sun-up, and then I saw that I had come over a canyon some fifteen feet high and had struck in a deep pool of water. My horse had got ashore on the other side, but his days of usefulness were over, and if I ain't mistaken he is lying there yet; and it weren't a very bad burying-place neither. You want to know, of course, if any of those steers went over that canyon? No, not one, and when I got out on the bluff I could see them all feeding as quietly as if they hadn't been trying to break up all creation the night before. I have heard tell of stampedes, and I have had some experiences with that sort of thing myself, but of all the rackets with runaway cattle that was the worst."

This was old Tex's story. The fire had almost died out, the moon was up, and after I had crawled in under the blankets and thought this strange experience over I came to the conclusion that it might interest others as it had interested me.

OUR LETTER BOX.

The Country Around Dickinson.

GALESBURG, ILL., June 1, 1885.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

Will you oblige me by letting me know, through the columns of your paper, whether there are good homesteads to be had near Dickinson, Dakota, and what sort of a country it is? J. S. M.

There is plenty of Government land for homesteads within a few miles of the town. The country is high, rolling prairie, with occasional hills and sandstone capped buttes. It is well watered and well drained, and very pleasing to the eye. One excellent feature is the abundance of lignite coal for domestic fuel. Farmers can mine their own fuel from the sides of the hills without any cost save their own labor. See Dr. S. Pelton's letter on Dickinson in *THE NORTHWEST* for March.

Starting a Homestead.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 12, 1885.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

About how much money should a man have to make a good start on a homestead claim; I mean, to put up a small house and barn, and buy a team and wagon and the necessary farming implements? R. B. S.

About \$1,500. Of course something depends on how much land you mean to cultivate and whether you intend to start with a full equipment for wheat farming, including a plow, seeder, roller and binder. We take it for granted that your purpose is to take up a quarter section homestead claim. There are people who go upon such claims with hardly any money and manage to pull through by working for their neighbors, but it is a long job and a hard one. To start at once as an independent farmer we should say that \$1,500 would be a reasonable sum.

Sheep Raising in Montana.

LISBON, DAKOTA, June 10, 1885.

To the Editor of *The Northwest*:

As I think of going to Montana to engage in sheep raising, would be greatly obliged if you will inform me on the following points:

1. Would you advise me to go in the business without any practical knowledge? I have read all the books that I could find and have read a magazine for over a year, and have been more or less with cattle for some years past.
2. Would it be best to start in the spring or fall?
3. What part of Montana do you think it would be best to go to, say next fall?
4. As I have a good team, wagon, etc., had I not better take them along?
5. Could I get hay at a reasonable figure next fall to keep my sheep over the extreme cold spell?

TENDERFOOT.

1. Yes. Most of the successful of the sheep men in Montana went into business without any previous experience. You can hire a good herder for forty dollars a month and board to teach you the business and you will probably always need one man to help you. 2. It makes no difference whether you start in the spring or fall. 3. You will find some good unoccupied range country east of the Judith Basin, or on the eastern slopes of the Belt range of mountains. The main thing is to get near a stream of good water where there is plenty of open grass country, not occupied by cattle ranches. 4. Better take your wagon, but you can buy a team in Montana to good advantage; still it might be well for you to take your horses also. 5. You ought to locate your corral near a natural meadow so that you can cut your own hay for winter feed. Not much is required. Sheep pick up their living most of the time during the winter season on the ranges.

"Say, pa, heard the news?"

"No, my son, what is it?"

"They ain't going to have lamp posts any longer."

"Why not?"

"'Cause they are long enough now."

That evening the young man would not sleep on his back.—*Boston Beacon*.

[Written for *The Northwest*.]

THE YOUNG EMIGRANTS.

A Story of Frontier Life in Dakota.

CHAPTER IX.

MARY IN ENGLAND—THE RETURN TO DAKOTA—
AN UNEXPECTED HARVEST.

It was not without many misgivings that Mary approached the home of her husband's parents. Her knowledge of English people was very limited. She imagined them to be quite stiff and formal, and very much disposed to look down upon the Americans as inhabitants of some semi-barbarous region. She could not quite think of her husband as an Englishman, he was so cosmopolitan in his ideas and had become so Americanized in his manners by his Western life. If the truth must be told Arthur Stanwood's parents were by no means in an assured state of mind as to their new daughter-in-law. Their knowledge of Americans was also very limited, and consisted mainly of what they had read in the *London Times* about the railway accidents, crimes and conflagrations in this country, the *Times* being in the habit of publishing only such news as relates to the worst features of American life. Old Mr. Stanwood could recollect of having met only one American, an agent for some patent right, whom he encountered on a railway train going up to London, who nearly talked the old gentleman out of his senses and shocked him inexpressibly by the vulgar habit of chewing tobacco. The good couple were somewhat in doubt whether to expect in their son's bride an amiable semi-savage or a distressingly independent creature of the Daisy Miller type. The disappointment was equally mutual and equally gratifying on both sides.

When the carriage drove up under the shade of stately English oaks to an old, rambling, red brick manor house, the young husband and wife were met at the door by a stout, cordial old gentleman, with gray hair, and a motherly little old lady, with a sweet voice and quiet manners. "Welcome to England," said the old gentleman, heartily. "My dear daughter," exclaimed the old lady, greeting the girl before she had taken her long absent son to her embrace. Of course, both parties to this international domestic scene were rapidly scanning each other all the time the first words of greeting and acquaintanceship were being spoken.

The old English squire and his wife were surprised to find in their new daughter-in-law a pretty girl, of delicate and refined manners, and of what seemed to them quite unusual intelligence for one of her age. There was nothing in the least loud or vulgar about her, and she fell in readily with all their rather old-fashioned home ways. One thing that surprised Mary was that nothing was so strange in English life as she expected to find it; indeed it seemed as if she had lived there before in some previous state of existence, or dreamed about it, and when she came to analyze this feeling she thought it probably came from Trollope and Thackeray and George Elliot, and some other English novelist she had read, but most of all from Trollope.

How delighted the girl was with the English rural landscapes. The trees seemed so leafy and luxuriant, the grass so verdant and velvety, the hawthorne hedges so beautiful. Everything appeared like pictures in poems and romances. The cottages, farmsteads and manor houses seemed to be natural outgrowths of the landscape. Probably our American girl would have been content to have lived in England all the rest of her life. "It is so indescribably home-like and restful," she wrote to a friend in Dakota. "It is altogether too restful," said Arthur, when she confided her opinion to him one day on one of her long drives through the hedge-bordered lanes. "I admit it is a charming country for a man who has not the need of making his own way in the

world; it is all very delightful, if you are the heir to a handsome estate and so have what they call out West 'a sure thing of it;' but for a young fellow who hasn't much besides his good old governor's blessing to begin life with, it is not the sort of country at all. I had a great deal rather live in the States. I don't like a country where every young fellow seems to be waiting for some one to die, to come into his property. As to England, so far as we younger sons are concerned, if a fellow don't like preaching, or has no special talent for the bar, and has decided objections to going into trade, as all of us country gentlemen's sons have, there is nothing for him to do here. It takes a fortune to buy the smallest bit of an estate. Now, in Dakota, I can ride for hours over my own land, and that is a satisfaction I never could have in the old country. We will come back again, dear, but we belong out in the West, and we must go home in the spring."

They spent the winter in England, partly in London, which Mary never tired of exploring in search of historical localities, or of the scenes described in Dickens' novels; and they even managed to get a fortnight in Paris, which to Mary was bewilderingly gay and brilliant, but not at all home-like. "A place to see," she said, "but not to live in." In May they were back in New York, and after two days in Mary's native village in Western New York, to give her an opportunity of seeing her old school friends, and showing them her handsome husband, they went straight out to Dakota, where Arthur took up his farming operations with fresh energy. Unknown to his wife, he had given directions in their absence to have his single bachelor abode, described in one of the early chapters in our story, freshened up with a coat of paint, and furnished fit for a lady's occupancy. Mary was glad to find that he had not disturbed the big library room, with its authors and its guns, and its bear skin couches. This, he said, he had reserved for his own particular den, but, although there was a neat little parlor with a piano in it, the life of the household centered in this room, which seemed more in harmony with the environments of Dakota life, than did the upholstered furniture and brussels carpet in the parlor.

A new industry sprang up in Dakota that year which was a great help to the poor settlers. Country merchants at the railway stations announced that they had orders to buy all the buffalo bones that were brought in. These white vestiges of the vast herds that once roamed the prairies lay scattered all over the face of the country. No one had supposed that they could have any possible value, and when word came that eight dollars a ton would be paid for them the settlers thought the whole business a practical joke. There was no joke about it, however, for the bones were shipped to Chicago to be turned into bone charcoal and used in the refining of sugar. After the seeding was over the whole population of the prairies could be seen with their wagons gathering up this unexpected harvest from the green sward. With the majority of settlers in a new country money is by no means plentiful. The small sums they bring with them are soon exhausted in building their house and buying their team, wagons and farm implements. They frequently undergo fierce privations, while waiting for the crops to be harvested and sold, for want of a little cash. Many borrow money, on the security of chattel mortgages, at exorbitant rates of interest; others do without articles of dress and food that they absolutely need rather than get into debt. The buffalo bones brought them money or got them credit at the stores. Each wagon load that they delivered had its immediate cash value. A numerous family became for the time a source of revenue instead of expense, for the men who had the most children could gather the most bones.

Will embarked in the business along with other settlers in the neighborhood, and not being in need of money for his expenses, converted the proceeds of his sales into stock for his farm. He was a convert to the theory of his neighbor farmer, Burchard, that stock enrich a country and exclusive grain farming

keeps it poor. He put in forty acres of wheat that spring, ten of oats and five of barley, and made a little experiment with Indian corn on a piece of warm ground sloping to the southern sun. His loneliness and melancholy had vanished, now that his sister and her husband had returned, and life in Dakota resumed for him all its old charm.

(To be Continued.)

ON THE ROUND-UP.

Ever in a cow camp? No? well, let's go, let's see what kind of a layout the boys have on the round-up.

So we straddle our bronchos and speed away, along the Yellowstone or up to the Powder; through the buttes of the bad lands, whose tops are reddened with scoria that looks so much like brick dust; down into coulees, (yawning chasms, lined with verdure and vegetation, where the cattle love to loiter,) or up to the hilltops where rocks lie in all conceivable shapes. We frequently pass a vein of lignite and sometimes we see the smoke curling skyward from the side of a butte where the lignite is on fire.

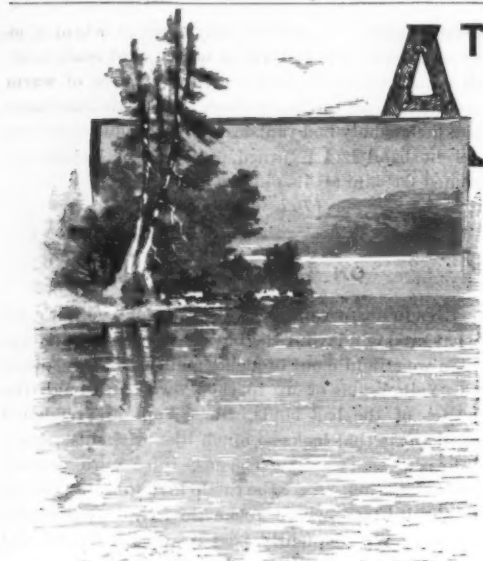
The cowboys pitch their camps in the meadows and valleys, generally selecting places where grass and water are plenty. The round-up camps are moved every morning, the wagons and camp equipage going a few miles forward while most of the boys are searching for stock through the district on each side. Toward noon the lowing herds may be seen moving toward the new branding place, where the calves and other unbranded stock become acquainted with their owners' marks through the medium of the hot branding irons. The knife also comes into play in cutting notches, slots and other marks upon the ears and dewlaps, and in altering the males, but the scorching, heart-harrowing brand is never forgotten.

'Tis noon. We are at the camp. One hundred and fifty stock growers and cowboys of the Powder River round-up are in sight. Five thousand head of cattle are scattered over the broad, green, sloping riverside. Since 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning all hands have been busy, but the excitement keeps up. No one seems to tire and the larger the round-up party the better do the boys seem to enjoy the work.

In the camp each outfit selects a spot for its mess wagon a hundred yards or more from any other so that each lot of horses can have good feed. Thus ten or twelve outfits with their wagons and tents may be found occupying one or two miles along the stream. The large herd that has been driven in from the hills and valleys is held by twenty to twenty-five cowboys, who ride around the cattle ever on the lookout for a stampede. Cowboys from each outfit cut out their employers' cattle, which are taken, one lot after another, generally, to the branding place, where each calf receives the marks that are borne by the mother it follows. Thence the bunches (small lots of cattle) are driven off to one side and held until the boys are ready to start them to their respective places on the range.

Near the fires where the branding irons are being heated a bellowing of distress is heard and throughout the camp a lowing, a murmuring, an unceasing din goes up while the cowboys whoop and yell, ki yi and whistle at the animals as they ride among them, suiting their signal or command to the necessity of the moment. Lariats glisten in the sunlight as they fly through the air to the horns or feet of the animals that are being roped and thrown, and the boys near the fire work quick as glass-blowers, even forgetting their meals until others are on hand to take their places. No less forgetful of their work are the majority of the round-up party.

Space does not permit the complete picturing here of this very interesting scene. The morning call, the falling tents, the "wrangling" of 1,500 cow horses, the camp fires, the cooks, even the peculiar cognomens of the cowboys and their horses are each sufficient for entertaining sketches. Some of these features have been well told by others but we have yet to tell of the splendid beef that is generally to be found at the mess of a Montana round-up. Whether the meal is spread on the green grass or upon the table made by letting down the back door of the mess wagon mess-box, the beef is always juicy and delicious and it is cooked, almost invariably, in a manner fit to please the most epicurean palate. All the other accessories of the meal are, as a rule, excellent, and a dinner with a Montana round-up party is more satisfying than that served by many a first-class hotel.—*Yellowstone Journal*.



"THE NORTHWEST" ON WHEELS.

(Continued from thirteenth page.)

wagon. Most farmers mine their own fuel, but if they hire others to do it the cost is not more than two dollars a ton. All the settlers appear to be doing well and don't complain of hard times. They say there is only one thing they lack and that is a grist mill to grind their wheat. Such a mill would be a paying affair and would find a market for its flour not only in the town and the neighboring farmers, but also from the cattle ranches of the Bad Lands and the Lower Yellowstone Valley.

Dickinson is the county seat of Stark County. Its future growth is beyond all question. There must be one considerable town between Mandan, on the Missouri, and Glendive, on the Yellowstone, a distance of two hundred and sixty miles, a central metropolis for the West Dakota country. This town is going to be Dickinson.

Speaking about the productiveness of the country, the Dickinson Press says:

The sod is tender and breaks easily. Very little thorough culture has yet been done. The country is too new but some of the sod crops yielded heavily, probably an average of forty bushels of oats per acre and vegetables of enormous size. Potatoes dropped in the furrow and sod turned over them were plenty of one and two pounds weight, sound and of choice quality. Oats on well tilled land will produce from seventy to one hundred bushels per acre and wheat and other small grain equally good crops. The past season has demonstrated the fact that all the varieties of corn can be successfully raised. The large dent planted early in May ripened well, while corn planted the first of April was not injured by frost. The small eight-rowed varieties yield a large crop, planted on sod, late in June, but it is better to plant in May.

A LARGE colony, recruited mainly in Illinois and Ohio, have settled on the headwaters of the south fork of Knife River, about sixty miles west of Mandan. They call their town Hebron. When THE NORTHWEST car passed on its way to the Pacific Coast there were already about a dozen houses up in the place. The emigrant house, which was first erected, was full of people, and a number of cars of furniture and farming implements being unloaded on the prairie. This new settlement has been stimulated by the success of the neighboring colonies of New Salem and Glenullen. Most of the settlers are members of the German Evangelical Church.

AT WHITE BEAR LAKE.

A Glance at St. Paul's Charming Summer Resort.

By H. P. ROBINSON.

It is a queer name, but it has the advantage which belongs to the majority of these Western names, in that it has some significance. There are several versions of the White Bear legend (Mark Twain wrestles with the most incomprehensible of them all), but the best authenticated runs as follows:

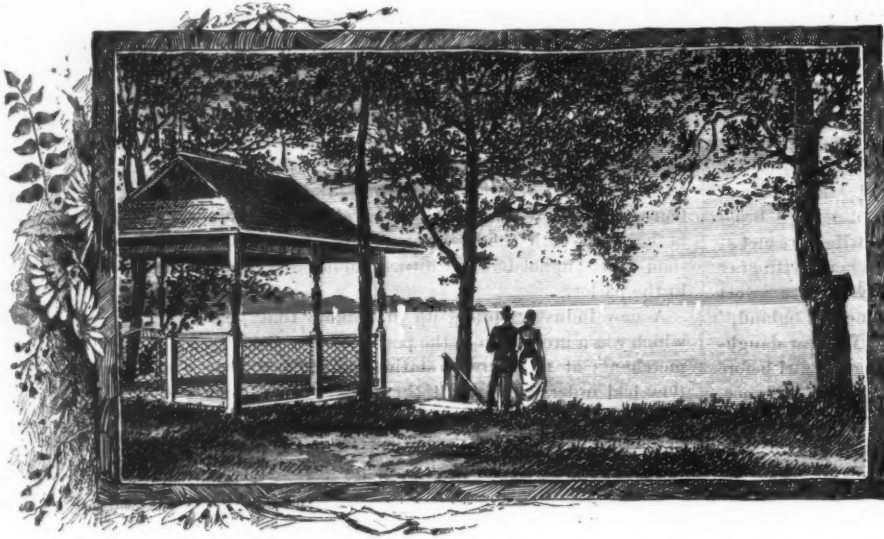
This Northern Mississippi Valley used to be a popular battle ground of the Sioux, Chippewas and Dacotahs; these tribes which kept up a fine old triangular feud from generation to generation, and the Chippewas and Dacotahs, especially, used to have merry times hunting each other in and out among the Minnesota lakes. "Occasionally," so says the legend, "the old men of the nations, who had outlived the fire and fervor of the hatred that existed in their youth, would counsel peace. Though a boundary line was drawn between the grounds of the two nations, however, no regard was paid to it by either, until at length the Bad Spirit, discouraged at the death of so many braves, decided to make a fresh line between the hunting grounds of the two people. Mounting a monstrous charger, he rode through the wilds of Wisconsin and Minnesota, crossing the St.

the beast's white coat turned to crimson by the gore from the great gashes opened in his body from the warrior's knife. So they fought all day, until at last, just as the sun was setting, the chief summoned all his strength for a final effort, and inflicted a blow that reached a vital spot, and sank to the ground insensible of the victory that he had won."

"The lake soon came to be known as Mahtomedi, from Mahto, white bear, and medi, water. The dead brave was buried, so they say, on the island in the middle of the lake, which henceforth became a sacred place in the eyes of the Dacotahs. Ever after, during the fierce storms, when a flash of lightning lighted up the island, the Indian and his ghostly enemy could be seen in mortal combat, and the island still is known as Spirit Island."

Such is the story, not, perhaps, very lucidly or precisely written, but it is at least intelligible and as picturesque as Indian legends usually are. Of late years the ghostly pair seem to have made friends and given up fighting. Pretty summer cottages now stand on the once blood stained ground and ladies swing in hammocks under the trees which sheltered the tepees of the Dacotahs. White Bear is not a grim or warlike looking place nowadays, but is a very picturesque, cool and cozy summer retreat. Row-boats and pleasure steamers have taken the place of birch canoes upon the water, and the music of bands and of laughter is all that awakes the echoes which not so very many years ago rang to the war whoop and the cries of wolf and cayote. Yet White Bear is less "new" than the majority of Northwestern lake-

side watering places. For fifteen or twenty years it has been a favorite camping ground and "cottaging place" for the citizens of St. Paul. Other lakes have come into notice more recently and have at once rushed into the full abomination of hackneyed and side-show-cursed holiday resorts; but White Bear has grown more moderately and peacefully in public favor. It, too, has hotels—and right good ones—upon its leafy shores; it has pavilions, club houses and pleasure boats galore. But it has never become noisy and Coney-Islandised. It remains to-day a retreat rather than a resort; a place for rest and pleasure rather than rioting and boisterous sports. The hotels upon its shores still stand deeply embowered in



A GLIMPSE OF WHITE BEAR LAKE AND SPIRIT ISLAND FROM THE WILLIAMS HOUSE. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

Croix at a single leap, and clearing everything before him by the fire emitted from the nostrils of his flaming steed. His route was marked by a line that was plainly visible, extending so as to divide the lake and leave a share of it for each nation. When he returned to his own dominions the Evil One left a huge beast to guard the division of the lake. This line was respected for many years, and upon a renewal of the strife the Chippewas were victorious, and the Dacotahs believed that the beast, Mahtomedi, was the cause of the success of their enemies.

At last one of the stalwart Dacotah chiefs resolved to solve the mystery and put an end to the spell which the Evil One had worked over the tribe. The warrior met the monster with arrows, who retreated the while, but on reaching the bank of the lake was brought to bay, and a terrible contest began. The hunter was covered with blood from his wounds and

the foliage of the old forest trees. The water's edge is studded all along with charming little cottages where live the best families of St. Paul through the hot summer months. It is fashionable without being fashion-ridden; popular and populous without being crowded; and the life upon its shores is social and very pleasant without regarding the requirements of "society," as is the case at too many summer resorts, as the first thing to be regarded in life.



A PLEASANT RETREAT.



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—HOTEL AND CLUB; HOUSE AT DELWOOD. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

The lake is only twelve miles from the city of St. Paul, and less than fifteen from Minneapolis and Stillwater. The St. Paul and Duluth railroad lines from St. Paul and Minneapolis make a junction a few miles west of Cottage Park, which is the first point touched upon the lake shore, whence the road runs clear round more than half the circuit of the lake, and but a short distance from the edge, to Stillwater. All through the summer a quick and efficient train service is kept up so that at any time of the day people can run backwards and forwards between any one of the three cities and the lake in thirty minutes. Connecting with the trains a fine service of handsome steamboats, making frequent trips to each point of interest upon the shores; so that for business men the lake, though delightfully retired and full of natural beauty, is to all intents and purposes within the city. A man who lives upon St. Anthony's Hill in St. Paul, or any of the outlying residence sections of Minneapolis, in the winter, finds the summer trips from the lake to his office no longer than he has been accustomed to all the year round from his home in the city. No wonder then that the place is popular, or that cottages have grown up rapidly along its banks; and there are very few cities in America that can boast so lovely a spot so close to them as is White Bear lake to St. Paul.

The lake itself is like all the Minnesota lakes,—set deep in the midst of woods, which half conceal the buildings on the shores, and which grow right round down to the lake side and hang their boughs—oak and maple and elm and poplar—out over the water's surface. Good roads have been made along the shore, running from point to point, from cottage to club house and from depot to hotel, under the branches of overarching trees; and it is hard to imagine a more delightful drive upon a warm summer day than this, through the thick foliage, giving occasional glimpses of the blue water between, and with the soft lake breeze forever rustling the leaves and cooling the shady air. Just now, too, the lake shore, the woods and open glades are all ablaze with flowers,—tall orchids and graceful columbines, wild strawberries and anemones; along the water's edge stand clumps of purple Iris which almost overhang the upturned cups of the broad water lilies in the lake, and in the open spots the clover and sorrel are flecked with brighter marigolds and gorgeous tiger lilies. There

is no waste of sand, or stretch of dusty road with glaring pavement on either hand. It is all unsophisticated woodland, with tangled brakes and open glades of rank grass and wild flowers.

Cottage Park, as has been said, is the first point at



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—COTTAGE OF GEN. J. B. SANBORN. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

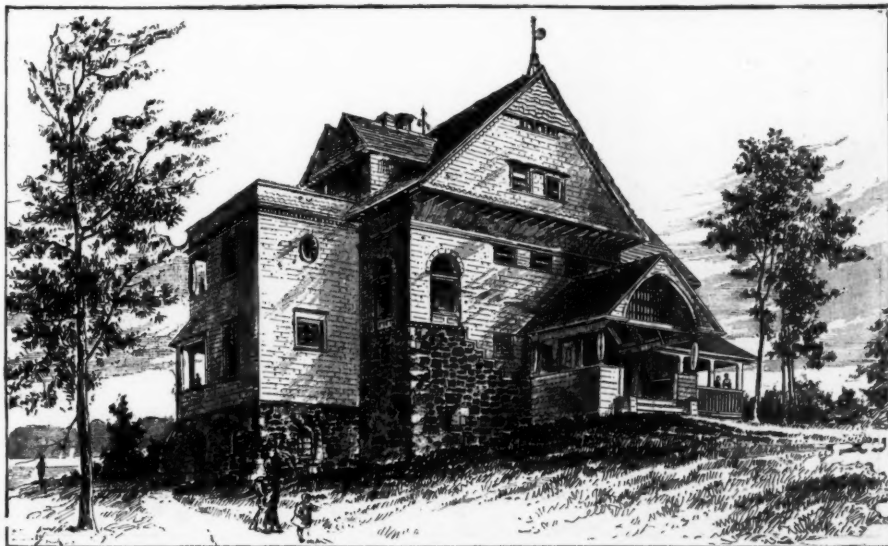
which one strikes the lake, and as the train runs into the station the sheet of clear water lies spread before you, gleaming through the trees which fringe its banks. Here, close by the depot is naturally the most public part of the lake, as it were,—the place where the majority of casual visitors and pleasure seekers,

who are only out for the day, stop to find amusement. And there is amusement and entertainment enough for them. Close in front of the depot, standing upon the very water's edge is Ramaley's pavilion and lunch room, by far the most popular place of its kind upon the lake. It is in the first place what it calls itself—a pavilion and lunch room, where all manner of fruits and candies and ice creams and cooling, harmless drinks tempt the unwary picnicker. The lunch room itself has wide open sides through which the breeze comes to keep it always cool, and which give a beautiful outlook over the lake on one side. Outside moreover, runs a wide balcony, and from which one can drop things into the water, which is a delightful place to sit, fronting the lake, upon a cool evening. But the pavilion is also more than it claims to be. Close by is a broad, open air dancing platform upon which concerts and balls are given weekly every Thursday evening; and further on again Mr. Ramalay owns a landing stage and the completest outfit of row and sailing boats and fishing tackle upon White Bear. This is however, no more than the beginning of his property, for beyond that again lies a broad expanse of wild wood land between the driveway and the water, part of which is for sale as cottage lots (and delightful cottage sites they would make), while part is intended to be the site of a mammoth first class hotel. The ground slopes up gradually from the water's edge, so that any building,

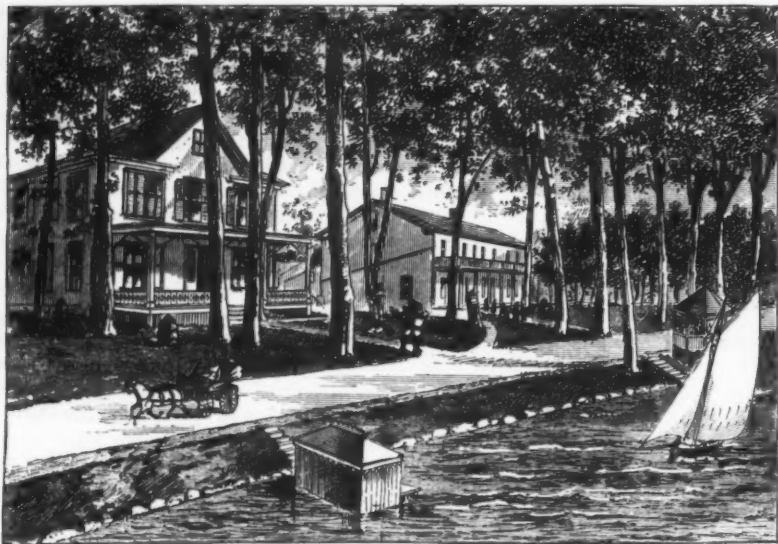
cottage or hotel, upon it would be high and dry and have a commanding view of the whole lake circuit. Close as it is to the depot a hotel here could not fail to pay, and either Mr. Ramaley or any one else who starts one here will make big money thereat.

Not that there are not first-class hotels upon the lake already, one of which, the Leip House, is close to Cottage Park. On leaving the depot the roadway to the right strikes suddenly into the shade of trees; and, driving along, though you know the Leip House is close at hand, you have no warning of its approach until you are actually at its doors. After a hundred yards drive or so, and just where the trees seem thick-

est, you suddenly sweep round into a semi-circular drive with a broad gate at one side, and you are at the hotel—a long, low, roomy building, looking very cool with its broad piazza in front and the trees growing up to its walls, the smooth green lawn beneath which is dotted with comfortable garden-seats



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—A. K. BARNUM'S COTTAGE AT DELWOOD. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—THE WILLIAMS HOUSE. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

and hammocks swung from trees. It is a good house; we have been there, and know. The meals and rooms are good, for we have eaten them (the meals, not the rooms), and slept in them (the rooms, not the meals; they slept in us), and know of them also. From almost every room in the house you can see the lake, with a foreground of green leaves; and just across the drive from the hotel front is a long wooden covered platform, where a band plays and where one can sit right on the edge of the water and be happy. You can get into a boat and go fishing or sailing almost at the very doors, and on every side the woodland paths invite one to ramble, while just behind and adjoining the hotel (which has forty acres of property attached) are large base ball, lacrosse and cricket grounds. It is a charming place to spend a summer holiday at, and for a thoroughly good-natured and accommodating host commend us to Mr. William Leip.

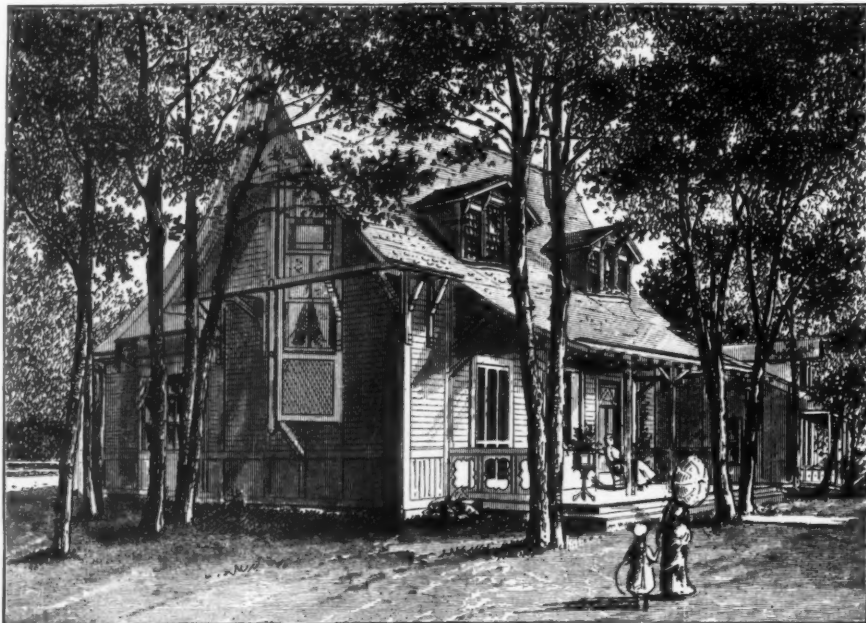
From the front of the hotel, a little to the right along the lake shore, there is visible a clump of picturesque red and gable roofs, and a stroll of a few hundred feet, through the air thick with the honey-scent of clover, under the trees, brings one to the Cottage Park Club House—the den of the Cottage Park Association, which is made up of a number of the best people of St. Paul. The Club House itself is a good-sized and picturesque building, with a wide porch, piazza and porte-cochere standing in the center of a smooth lawn, backed with a screen of trees

through which the reedy waters of Goose Lake are seen. This is a smaller body of water, only separated at this point from White Bear by a narrow neck of land, so that the Club House has a lake view from every side. In the Club House are delightful summer quarters for members of the association, with a first-rate cuisine for select little dinners; while at intervals through the

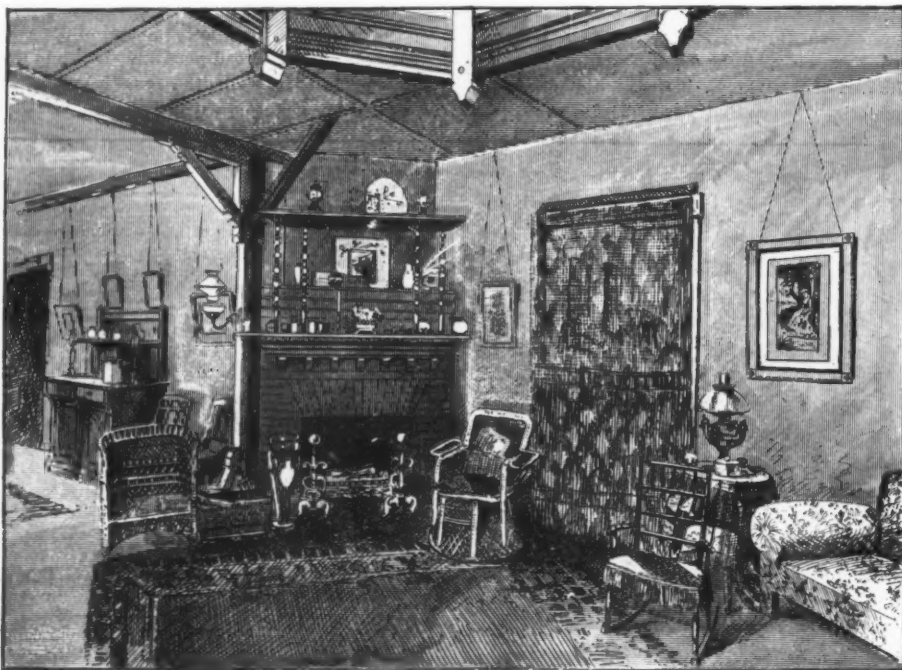
summer some of the pleasantest social gatherings of the season take place in the club rooms.

Close to the club and within the same enclosure, surrounded by the same lawn and nestling among the trees, are two pretty cottages—as pretty as any on the lake. One of these belongs to Mr. Saunders, the other and larger to Mr. Mannheimer, and of this a cut accompanies this article. Well built, and handsomely fitted up and with good taste, with the woods on one side and the water on the other, it is a model of a summer home.

It is hard to say that any one point on the lake is prettier than any other, but if there is any peculiarly lovely view it is this from the front of the Cottage Park Club House. To the left is the clump of buildings by the depot; in front, the expanse of water studded with boats; as far as the eye can reach on either hand runs the line of irregular, tree-clad, cottage-sprinkled shore, and directly in front juts up the higher ground of the island. On the island are some of the most charming building sites on the whole lake, which from the shore look very pretty, just peeping through the trees. Among the illustrations which accompany this article is Mrs. Drake's



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—JUDGE G. B. YOUNG'S COTTAGE. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]



INTERIOR VIEW IN JUDGE YOUNG'S COTTAGE. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

"Lakeside" cottage, which stands close by the island bridge. With its grove of overhanging oaks and poplar trees, its smooth lawn, and the water washing almost to its walls, it is as pleasing a place of detention as any man could wish to be sentenced to for the summer months. Parties desiring board should address Mrs. W. H. Drake.

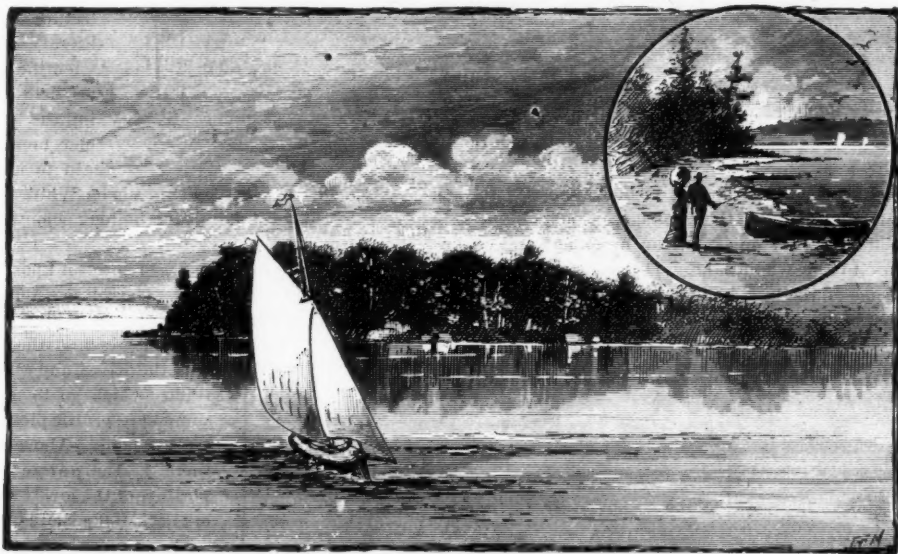
Skirting the shore and opposite the island in the same stretch of deeply-shady oaks and maples and poplars, stands on the left-hand side of the driveway another well-known hotel—and deservedly well-known it is—among the visitors to White Bear. This is the Williams House, owned and kept by Mrs. G. L. Williams. Half of the hotel building was built fourteen years ago, but it has been enlarged and enlarged to meet increasing demands upon its accommodations, until it is to-day an imposing-looking building, with rooms for a hundred guests. These, however, are not all accommodated in the main building, but close beside it and on the Williams property are three prettily-built cottages, all of which are leased every summer, either to families or in isolated rooms to chance visitors. The whole place—hotel, cottages and lawn—is overshadowed with trees, under which stand garden chairs and benches, which are in great request during the busy times of the hot summer months. Outside the limits of the hotel grounds the property still belongs to Mrs. Williams, and a large stable, a refreshment room and bowling alley are among the buildings thereupon. These,

however, are beyond the range of the hotel itself, which contains all that can help to make life by the lakeside pleasant—a thoroughly comfortable house, in a delightful situation, and managed so as to make it worthy of its site. Mrs. Williams herself superintends all the arrangements in the house, which has been entirely refitted and redecorated this past spring.

"Dellwood" is a pretty name, and the man who first invented and applied it to the lovely spot which goes by this title at White Bear deserves to have a medal struck in his honor. The name probably originated with the same gentleman as organized the Dellwood Association, and has been chiefly responsible for the improvement of this beautiful section of the lake shore—Mr. A. K. Barnum, one of the best known citizens of St. Paul. Accompanying this article are cuts of the Dellwood Hotel, and of Mr. Barnum's own cottage, which stands close by. Set deep in the midst of woods and close on the lake's edge, these buildings are only a few hundred feet from the station of Dellwood; so that a man can spend his evenings here in the centre of absolutely wild natural beauties, as retired (except for the luxuries of the hotel fittings) as if he were in the wilds of Idaho, and then steps on board a train, and within forty minutes of leaving his parlor be set down on Third street, St. Paul. It is not much wonder that the Dellwood Association has been a success or that property in Dellwood has run up rapidly in price. Nor is it any wonder that such works as these of Mr. Bar-



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—COTTAGE OF ROBERT MANNHEIMER, ESQ. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]



WHITE BEAR LAKE. THE PENINSULA, OR WILDWOOD PARK

num are welcomed by the rest of the residents and property owners on the lakes, for the preservation of such pieces of land for the best uses, and the building of structures such as the hotel and the cottages which are here, lend a further grace to the lake shore and protect it from the desecration of the rowdy, shanty-building element, which comes in to ruin so many sweet summer retreats.

Dellwood occupies one and one-half miles of lake front. This is divided off into lots, having a frontage of from one hundred to five hundred feet, it being arranged so as to give each lot a high place of ground for a cottage. The most liberal terms will be given to those who will build. The entire property lays high, commanding a beautiful view of the lake. The Dellwood Hotel is most delightfully located on the very shore of the lake, wide, roomy verandas, large airy rooms. The dining room, with its large open fireplace, is located on the lake side giving a fine view up and down the lake. It is so near the water one could almost catch fish from the window. Everything about the house has an extreme air of neatness, and homelike appearance. A tour of the lake is not complete without a glimpse of the Dellwood Hotel. The steamer Dispatch will land you at the dock on any trip. There are six trains a day each way on the Stillwater branch of the St. Paul & Duluth railroad. For terms at the hotel address A. H. Paige, White Bear.

But all around Dellwood the lake shore affords abundance of tempting building sites. Close besides the grounds of the Dellwood Association lies Garden Place, a prettily named spot, which well deserves its pretty name. The tract, which is the property of Maj. A. S. and D. W. Tice, of St. Paul, embraces in all some eighty acres of charmingly wooded land. The whole of it has been platted into lots of from 50 to 150 feet frontage and 250 feet depth. The ground is all high, sloping back from the lake up to a level plateau, clothed and covered with groves of oak and maple and elm, from which a superb view of the entire lake is obtained. These lots would be tempting investments under any circumstances, but the Messrs. Tice have done what they can to make the temptation altogether irresistible. In the first place, with a view to keeping their estate only for the most select residences, they are very particular as to their purchasers, and in each deed a clause is inserted providing that no intoxicating liquors shall be sold or dispensed on any of their lots, an infringement of which forfeits all title to the property. In the second place they have made the terms of sale most moderate, as the prices range from \$450 to \$1,000, which can be extended over a period of three years, only \$100 being paid down, provided the purchaser is willing to enter into a contract to build. All particulars, however, can be obtained from Mr. A. S. Tice, at White Bear lake; meanwhile no one who has once



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—RAMALEY'S PAVILION AND LUNCH ROOM AT COTTAGE PARK STATION. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

seen Garden Place need apply to him or to anyone else to learn that it is about as pleasant a place to build a summer cottage in as any man can expect to find upon this fallen earth of ours. The shady boulevard drive already passes through the property close by the lake, on which several cottages have already been built. Close by it, too, runs the St. Paul and Duluth railroad track, and the lumber is already on the ground for the building of a depot adjoining the Place. A further work now in hand is the construction of a wharf and steamboat landing, at which all the lake steamers will touch upon their regular trips from point to point. In another week or two, then, it will be as thoroughly accessible as if the lots were on the high road beside Cottage Park station.

But it would be useless to attempt to enumerate—still more to describe—all the fascinating spots on the leafy shores of White Bear Lake. Other cuts accompanying this article—one of Gen. J. B. Sanborn's cottage, which is well known to every visitor at the lake, and which, as will be seen from the picture of it, deserves to be well known as one of the pleasantest summer homes which a man can imagine. Two other illustrations give interior and exterior views respectively of another well known cottage—that of Judge Young, which is very tastefully built on a site which breeds envy and hatred and all uncharitableness in the mortal who sees it. There are many tantalizing residences upon the lake, but few if any are so tempting as this one of Judge Young's. One other thing there is—or rather one other group of things—without which no description, however superficial, of White Bear would be complete. This is the Peninsula, with the grounds of Wildwood Park, and of the adjoining Mahtomedi Assembly. The Peninsula itself is a thickly-wooded neck of land, embracing some forty acres, which runs well out from the eastern shore into the waters of the lake. The whole Peninsula, which is the property of the Wildwood Park Association, has been platted into large residence lots, with broad boulevard driveways between, and the lots are already selling rapidly.

The land slopes up on all sides gradually from the water's edge to the center of the Peninsula, where the choicest site of the whole forty acres is reserved for an hotel. Here the ground has an elevation of sixty-five feet above the water level, and when the

after its organization it presented a tract of forty acres to the Mahtomedi Assembly, to which it also subsequently conveyed another tract of one hundred and sixty acres more under a special contract. Mahtomedi is briefly (or is to be) the Chautauqua of the

Northwest. The assembly has already made good use of the land which has been given to it, having built a hotel and a tabernacle, as well as spending several thousand dollars in other improvements. A number of pretty cottages have been built within the limits of the assembly's grounds, and a series of meetings and lectures, upon literary and scientific topics, held during the summer months,

help to make

the Mahtomedi, close by the Peninsula on White Bear Lake, one of the most delightful holiday sojourning places in Minnesota.

But there are too many points of interest upon the lake to mention in one article. The cottages and hotels, the flowers and trees and birds, the fishing, sailing and rowing, the picnics, the drives, and all the things which go to make summer resort life pleasant are all here. Above all, there is the perpetual pleasure of the lovely scenery of the lake shore itself, with its wealth of varied foliage, its picturesque outline with cape and indentation and island, its open expanses of flower-flecked grass sward, and rocky slopes which break in here and there upon the warm line of shady woodland. People who have once been there for a summer seldom go elsewhere any other year, and those who have not been there ought to go at once.

Manitou Island, comprising some fifty acres is another pretty spot. Some \$35,000 have been expended in a club house, a bridge, in laying out roads, and beautifying the island generally. About a dozen cottages have been built thus far by some of the most prominent men in St. Paul.

Among them is Mr. Conrad Gotzian's, which, undoubtedly, is one of the finest in the Northwest.

Lake Notes.

Messrs. Chase & Schneider are young gentlemen of pleasing address and high business capabilities. Their



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—THE HOTEL LEIP, NEAR COTTAGE PARK STATION.

hotel has been built (which it is to be shortly) it will, with its setting of thick foliage, be not only a delightful place to stop at, but an ornament and a landmark to the whole lake. The association embraces some of the best known citizens of St. Paul, as the list of its officers, to any one who knows the



WHITE BEAR LAKE.—MRS. W. H. DRAKE'S "LAKESIDE" COTTAGE. [Photo. by Ingersoll.]

city, will show: President, Col. J. H. Davidson; vice president, C. P. Noyes; secretary, John Espy; treasurer, F. H. Seymour; directors, J. C. O'Gorman, David Tice and A. P. Goodnow. The association was founded in 1881, when it purchased a tract of over 3,000 acres of land along the lake shore. Soon

grocery store is a model of neatness, and for excellence and variety the stock is unsurpassed in White Bear. The central office of the public telephone is located in their building, and communicates with St. Paul, Stillwater and Minneapolis. This is a great convenience to the public, and is highly appreciated.

The postoffice is at D. W. Getty & Son's grocery store, where can be found a nice line of groceries and garden fruits.

A livery stable—something long needed—has been built on Fourth street, near the White Bear House. It will be managed by Elliott Bros., of Stillwater.

Joe Miller has built a fine two-story frame structure on Third street, opposite the park, at a cost of \$3,500. On the upper floor is a fine dancing hall, and below a refreshment hall.

A. E. Leman, near the Williams House, has as fine a set of boats as can be seen at any summer resort. They number nearly a hundred, row and sail, of every variety. The fifteen-ton yacht, "Nellie," built and owned by himself, is a beauty, and will carry forty people.

Nicholas Peterson of Cottage Park has a fine fleet of some forty boats, comprising sail-boats, row-boats, duck-boats and cruising canoes. The canoes and a portion of the row-boats were built by the celebrated Rushton, of Canton, N. Y. Mr. Peterson is an old Norwegian sailor, having an original and amusing way of expressing himself, which gives zest and character to his "sailor yarns."

The comfortable steamer, "Dispatch," whistles cheerily on the arrival, at Cottage Park, of all St. Paul and Minneapolis trains, inviting the public to take a ride around the lake. Visitors to White Bear should not fail to take advantage of this opportunity to get a correct idea of the size and real beauty of this little inland sea. The round trip is only fifty cents. Barge parties, with music and dancing, every Thursday evening, leaving at 8 P. M. and returning at 10 P. M. During encampment week, every evening. The steamer and barge, accommodating five hundred persons, can be chartered at any time for excursions around the lake, making landings at any of the delightful picnic grounds.

Among the new business departures instituted with particular reference to the summer lake trade is the elegant grocery store recently opened by Mr. C. M. Jevne, formerly of Chicago, at No 95 East Third Street, St Paul (nearly opposite Mannheimer's). His stock comprises everything in the staple as well as fancy line, a specialty being made of fine teas, coffees, imported and domestic delicacies, fresh fruits and cigars, which he sells at prices as low as any house in the Northwest. Besides being as handsomely fitted and tastefully arranged as any house of its kind in the Northwest, Mr Jevne's new place has an especial advantage to lake residents in its proximity to the Union Depot, goods being packed and delivered free at all times of the day. Excursionists or picnic parties will do well to call in and fill their baskets of the great varieties of goods to be found at this model store. Mr Jevne has already acquired a good shipping trade, and parties summering at the lakes wishing to send goods to their homes or residents throughout the country seeking a reliable house where they can always get first-class goods at reasonable prices, would do well to call on him before making their purchases.

THE LENHAM ELEVATOR CO.

The career of this company, although as yet but fairly begun, has been one of marked success. It was during the winter of 1882 and 1883 that the feasibility of opening by railroad, what is known as the Turtle Mountain Region, than which there is no richer, first entered the minds of certain of North Dakota's most enterprising and nifty business men. The will, as usual, devised the way, and early in the spring of 1883 began the work of constructing the Sanborn, Cooperstown & Turtle Mountain Railroad, then a distinct and independent line, but now a part of Dakota's main thoroughfare, the Northern Pacific Railroad. This road, as the maps show, runs from Sanborn, in Barnes county, in an almost northerly direction through that county, and its neighbor, Griggs, and terminates at Cooperstown, the county seat of the latter. The organizers of the company which is the subject of the present sketch were also among the projectors of this road, and almost simultaneous with the construction of the road itself, began the erection of their splendid line of elevators

and warehouses along its entire route, and the establishment of lumber yards at each station. The projects were pressed to a successful completion and the fall of 1883 found everything in readiness for handling and conveying to market the goodly amount of grain raised in this most fertile portion of Dakota, notwithstanding the "off" year. The elevators and warehouses of the company are located at all stations on the Sanborn, Cooperstown & Turtle Mountain road, and at Sanborn, Hobart and Spiritwood, on the main line of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Those at Sanborn, Spiritwood and Cooperstown are of the round or circular pattern, of which we give a sketch, using the Sanborn elevator, and the others of the square style. They range in capacity from 35,000 to 50,000 bushels; are all steam power except the Hobart house, which is a 40,000 bushel horse-power elevator of the improved Chase pattern, and each is fully equipped with every appliance necessary to properly receive, elevate and clean grain. The wisdom of the company in thus completely equipping its houses has been often demonstrated, but will be especially noticeable the present season from the fact that the new law regulating the inspection of grain, which went into effect on the fifteenth of last month, makes it more necessary than ever that all grain be in a clean condition to insure a good grade—the cleaner the grain the higher the grade. The year of 1883 was not, as has been intimated previously, prolific of a full yield, but, notwithstanding, this company handled and shipped from its several elevators in the neighborhood of 1,000,000 bushels of wheat alone, besides large quantities of oats and barley, and from its various yards sold many thousands of feet of lumber to be used by the older residents in changing their present quarters into more substantial structures and by the later comers in improvising comfortable houses until another year's crop should enable them, too, to make desirable changes. The season of 1884 was the reverse of its predecessor in point of yield, being one of Dakota's grandest years, but the company's managers were not caught napping. They saw the signs of the times and, being alive to their necessities, during the summer months changed the Hobart house into the 40,000 bushel improved Chase elevator it now is, enlarged the Dazey house to double its former capacity, placed steam therein, built the new elevator at Hannaford and so made themselves quite ready at the season's opening to care for the 2,000,000 bushels of wheat and the likewise double quantity of other grains that came to their doors. This season, like the preceding one, suggested other desirable changes, the principal of which were the erection of several new elevators at certain points, the necessity of a concentration of its business and the establishment of a general commission house at the great wheat centre, Duluth—the Chicago of the Northwest. Ready purchasers for, and worthy successors to, this company in its lumber business were found.

By a special act of the Dakota legislature the name was changed from that of Lenham Elevator and Lumber Company to Lenham Elevator Company, and the early spring of the present year found this enterprising company duly established in Duluth, with special elevator privileges there, its officers members of the board of trade, and all arrangements made for a more advantageous handling of not only their own grain, but that of their numerous patrons throughout the entire Northwest as well. By being thus located at the market centre, having their own large lines of the finest qualities of grain to handle, the company is enabled to offer both the individual shipper and general dealer superior facilities for disposing of their grain. The company solicits consignments and correspondence from any and all, assuring them that in every instance will they receive everything they are entitled to. This is the only company that has always favored an open market and at all times has extended the farmers along its line the full privilege of shipping their grain through its houses. This, together with the fact, so well known, of ever having the whole community's interests at heart, has made the institution very popular with the farmers throughout its territory, and will inure to its future good. The officers of the company are George L. Lenham, president; Rudolph Herz, secretary; J. D. Farrand, attorney, and Geo. H. Malcolmson, general agent. N. L. Lenham, the manager of the company, is located in Duluth. All of the officers are pioneers of the new Northwest, men who have ever made their own interests identical with those of the immense and rapidly growing territory in which they operate. None are more certain to reap the ultimate benefits. The present season bids fair to be the banner season of Dakota. The crops have been put in with the greatest care, opportune rain storms have nurtured them, and with the fair price the farmer is certain to realize for his products. Dakota will take a grand step forward. Commensurate with its progress will be the progress of this enterprising company, whose able and honorable management has already given it a most enviable position among Dakota's enterprises.

In Duluth, Minnesota, besides having special elevator facilities for receiving, storing and shipping grain, this company transacts a general grain commission business in all its branches; buy, sell and guarantee options in Duluth, Minneapolis, Chicago, and New York. Millers and others purchasing can depend on getting wheat up to grade and will find it to their interest to place orders with them.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE WHEAT MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE NORTHWEST,
MINNEAPOLIS, June 29, 1885.

There has been very little of interest in the wheat market during the past month. Prices rose from 90c for No. 1 hard, cash, on the first of the month to, 95c fifteen days later, but have again fallen off to about 92½c. The advance was caused by damage to the winter wheat crop, which at one time threatened to be almost complete. Since the harvest in some states has begun and new wheat coming on the markets, has depressed prices to some extent. Crop reports do not improve much, but there is still an enormous quantity of wheat in sight that must be moved before outside buyers will take hold of the markets. It is said though that the Eastern markets are now in the hands of very strong bull parties, who are able to keep control of it. The most vigorous attempts have been made by the bears to break the markets, but without much success. Prices were strong up to last week when a very dull, heavy feeling set in, which has kept the markets from moving one way or the other, changes each day being merely fractional. Receipts at this point have been much lighter than during the month of June last year, but stocks in store are nearly three times as great. The reduction the last week was 320,000 bushels here and at St. Paul, but as most of the mills will shut down on the Fourth for an enforced period of nearly two months, there will doubtless be a very slow reduction of the amount in sight from this time till harvest. Stocks in store here and at St. Paul on June 1, were 4,098,312 bushels. The statement of June 27, showed 3,855,223, a net decrease of 243,098. The range of prices during the month compared with those a year ago was as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.	1884.
No. 1 hard.....	95	90	96½ @ 101½
No. 2 hard.....	89	85	91 @ 96
No. 1 regular.....	85	81	88 @ 90
No. 2 ".....	79½	75	81 @ 86

The flour mills did very little work during the first half of the month, but for the past two weeks have been making from 22,000 to 25,000 barrels per day. The increased activity is due more to the fact that millers do not care to shut down on the 4th for nearly two months, with light stocks of flour on hand, than to any legitimate demand. Trade has been very dull and prices have dragged, although they could not go much lower without loss to the millers. During the past week there has been more inquiry for flour, and offers are made which are a little above those of ten days ago. The production at this point during the greater part of July and August will be reduced to 12,000 or 14,000 barrels per day. Most of the flour made during the past three weeks has been consigned to Eastern buyers, and will come upon the market when prices advance to a point to meet the views of the millers.

Crops in the Northwest are generally very favorable. Along the Northern Pacific lines the outlook for a good crop of spring wheat is excellent. The continued heavy rains of two weeks ago caused some uneasiness in certain localities where the land is low, but during the past week the weather has been very favorable and the plant is now growing vigorously. Some damage is reported on account of wet weather, but not enough to cut any figure in the total yield. In Southern Minnesota the weather has been wet and cold and the plant is thin and weedy. The ground was very dry at seeding time and wheat came up slowly. Since then the weather has been unfavorable, and in some counties the outlook for a good crop is very poor.

TRADE AND FINANCE.

OFFICE OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, }
ST. PAUL, June 25, 1885. }

During the present month the money market has been active, there having been a general call for it from the wheat districts. Discount rates have remained unchanged at 8 to 10 per cent.

The real estate business has been very active in all directions, especially in West St Paul, where there has been quite a boom, caused principally by the Minnesota & Northwestern Railway reaching that point. Many large sales have been made, and owners are holding their property at firm prices.

The usual large movement in wholesale groceries has taken place, business having been very active, with a good demand for all staples. A sharp advance has taken place in sugars, which has had a good effect on the trade generally. Collections are good.

A fair trade has been done in wholesale dry goods, there having been a good demand for summer materials.

The drug trade has been active and prices fairly maintained. The annual meeting of the State Pharmaceutical Association, held at St. Paul last week, gave the trade an impetus. The meeting was a great success. Messrs. Noyes Bros. & Cutler made their first large shipment of ginseng (for China trade) of the season, this month.

A good active trade has been done in wholesale clothing, hats and caps, and boots and shoes, while the leather business has been quiet.

The hardware business continues to be very active indeed, farming tools of all kinds being in great demand.

A good local trade has been done in lumber, on account of the large amount of building now going on in St. Paul, but shipments to the country have been moderate.

The wholesale fruit dealers have been doing an immense business in all kinds of fruits, which are being offered at low prices.

Satisfactory reports come from all branches of the retail trade, in almost every instance exceeding that of last year.

The following quotations show present wholesale prices of grain and country produce in the St. Paul market, viz:

WHEAT—No. 1 hard, 93c bid; June, 93c bid; July, 94c bid; August 95c bid; No. 2 hard, 80c bid; No. 2 regular 81c bid.
CORN—No. 2, 43c bid; June, 43c bid; July 43c bid, 46c asked; No. 3, 46c asked.

OATS—No. 2 mixed, 30c bid; June, 30c bid, 32c asked; July, 30c bid, 32c asked; No. 2 white, 31c bid; No. 3 white, 30c bid.
BARLEY—No. 2, 38c bid; No. 3 extra, 30c bid; No. 3, 43c-45c bid.

RYE—No. 2, 55c bid.
GROUND FEED—\$17 bid, \$17.50 asked.
CORN MEAL—Bolted, \$20 bid, coarse, \$17 asked.
BRAN—\$8.50 bid and \$9.50 asked.
RALED HAY—Upland prairie, \$8.50 bid \$9.50 asked; timothy, \$10.50 bid.

SEEDS—Flax seed, \$1.20 asked; timothy, \$1.75 asked; clover seed, \$5.25 asked.

FLOUR—Patents, \$5.50-5.50 asked; straights, \$4.40-4.50 asked; bakers' \$3.25-3.75 asked; rye \$3.25-3.50.

BUTTER—Extras, 14c bid, 16c asked; extra firsts, 13c asked; firsts, 10c bid, 12c asked; seconds, 6c bid, 8c asked; packing stock 3c-4c bid, 3c-6c asked; grease butter, 15c-20c bid.

CHEESE—Fancy, 9c asked; fine, 8c asked; fine, part skimmed, 6 1/2c asked.

POTATOES—20c-25c bid; new, \$3-3.50 asked.
EGGS—12c bid, 12 1/2c asked.

ORANGES—Mexican, fancy, \$4.25-4.50; Imperial, \$4.50; choice \$3.50-4.00; California, Los Angeles, \$3; Riverside, \$3.75-4.00.

LEMONS—Fancy, \$4.50-5.00 asked; choice, \$4-4.50 asked.

STRAWBERRIES—Minnesota, \$2 per 24-quart case.

APRICOTS—\$3.25 per box.

BANANAS—\$1.50-3.50 per bunch.

PEACHES—\$2.75 per box.

PLUMS—Royal Hefive, \$3; peach plums, \$3.50 per box.

C. A. McNEALE,
Secretary.

St. Paul Real Estate Market.

The month of June has been a very active one for all kinds of St. Paul real estate. The demand for property has been both for speculative and immediate building purposes. Transactions in lots have been very active in vicinity of Northern Pacific shops. Many large sales have been made. The outlook is for a heavy demand during July.

E. S. NORTON.

Cosmopolitan Restaurant.

People visiting the city will find, at 142 East Third Street, a first-class restaurant. Everything neat and clean and nicely served. The present proprietor is Mr. J. C. Gregg, who is meeting with deserved success. A specialty is made of a thirty-five-cent dinner.

Prices of Leading Northwestern Stocks.

COMPILED FROM DAILY REPORTS.

The following table shows the closing prices of leading Northwestern Stocks, on the New York Stock Exchange, from June 1st to June 30th:

1885.	No. Pac. Com.	No. Pac. Pfd.	Oregon Transp.	O. R. & N.	Oregon Imp. Co.	Chicago & N. W.	Chicago & N. W. Pfd.	C. M. & St. Paul.	C. M. & St. P. Pfd.	St. P. M. & Manitoba.	St. Paul & Omaha.	St. Paul & O. Pfd.	Min. & St. Louis.	Min. & St. L. Pfd.	C. B. & Q.	Rock Isl'd.	Canadian Pacific.
June 1.....	16	37 1/2	13 1/2	75 1/2	24 1/2	92 1/2	128	60 1/2	104 1/2	82	19 1/2	68 1/2	10	24	120 1/2	113 1/2	39
June 2.....	16 1/2	37 1/2	13 1/2	75	24	93 1/2	128	60 1/2	104 1/2	84	19 1/2	70 1/2	10	24	121 1/2	113 1/2	39
June 3.....	16 1/2	38	13 1/2	74	23 1/2	93 1/2	128	67	104	83 1/2	19 1/2	69	10	24	121 1/2	113 1/2	38 1/2
June 4.....	16 1/2	37 1/2	13 1/2	74 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	128 1/2	67 1/2	104	84 1/2	19 1/2	70 1/2	10	26	121 1/2	114 1/2	38 1/2
June 5.....	16 1/2	37 1/2	14	74	23 1/2	93	128 1/2	65 1/2	104 1/2	85	19	69	10	24	121 1/2	114 1/2	38 1/2
June 6.....	16	37 1/2	13 1/2	71 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	128	65 1/2	103	85	20	68 1/2	10	24 1/2	122 1/2	114	38 1/2
June 8.....	16	37 1/2	13 1/2	71 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	126 1/2	65 1/2	103	85	18 1/2	66 1/2	10	24 1/2	123	113 1/2	38 1/2
June 9.....	16	38	13 1/2	69 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	123 1/2	65	103	85 1/2	19 1/2	67 1/2	10 1/2	24 1/2	123	113 1/2	38 1/2
June 10.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	71	23 1/2	90 1/2	124	65 1/2	103 1/2	86	19 1/2	68	10 1/2	24 1/2	123 1/2	114 1/2	38 1/2
June 11.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	72	23 1/2	91	125	65 1/2	103 1/2	88	20 1/2	69 1/2	10 1/2	24 1/2	123 1/2	114 1/2	38 1/2
June 12.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	72 1/2	24 1/2	91 1/2	126 1/2	67 1/2	105	89	20 1/2	70 1/2	11	26	123 1/2	114 1/2	39
June 13.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	72 1/2	24 1/2	92 1/2	127 1/2	67	105 1/2	89	20	71	11	26	124 1/2	114 1/2	40
June 15.....	16 1/2	38	13 1/2	72 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	127	67 1/2	105 1/2	88 1/2	21	71 1/2	11	26	125 1/2	116	40
June 16.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	72 1/2	23 1/2	93	128	69	107 1/2	89 1/2	21 1/2	71 1/2	12	26 1/2	125 1/2	116	40
June 17.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	72 1/2	23 1/2	93	127 1/2	68 1/2	107	88	21	71	12	26 1/2	124 1/2	115 1/2	39
June 18.....	16 1/2	39	13 1/2	72 1/2	23 1/2	93	127	68 1/2	106 1/2	90	21	71 1/2	11 1/2	26	125	116 1/2	40 1/2
June 19.....	16 1/2	39 1/2	14	75	23 1/2	93 1/2	127	69 1/2	107 1/2	91	21 1/2	72	11 1/2	26	126	116 1/2	40 1/2
June 20.....	17	40	13 1/2	74 1/2	23 1/2	93 1/2	128	69 1/2	108	95 1/2	22	73 1/2	12 1/2	28	126	117 1/2	41
June 22.....	17	39 1/2	14	74 1/2	23 1/2	92 1/2	128 1/2	70 1/2	108	95	22	73	12 1/2	27 1/2	125 1/2	117	40
June 23.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	74 1/2	23 1/2	92 1/2	127	70 1/2	107 1/2	95 1/2	22	72 1/2	12 1/2	27 1/2	125 1/2	116 1/2	40
June 24.....	16 1/2	39 1/2	13 1/2	73	23 1/2	93 1/2	129	69 1/2	107 1/2	99 1/2	22	74	12 1/2	28 1/2	126 1/2	117 1/2	40 1/2
June 25.....	16 1/2	39 1/2	13 1/2	73	23 1/2	94	128 1/2	72	108 1/2	99 1/2	22	74	13	29	126 1/2	117 1/2	41 1/2
June 26.....	16 1/2	39 1/2	13 1/2	72	93 1/2	128 1/2	71 1/2	108	99 1/2	22	72 1/2	13	29	126 1/2	117	40 1/2
June 27.....	16 1/2	39	13 1/2	72	23	93 1/2	127 1/2	71 1/2	107 1/2	98 1/2	20	72 1/2	12 1/2	28	126 1/2	114 1/2	39
June 29.....	16 1/2	38 1/2	13 1/2	70 1/2	22 1/2	92 1/2	126	70 1/2	107 1/2	97 1/2	21	72 1/2	12 1/2	27 1/2	126	114 1/2	39
June 30.....	16 1/2	39 1/2	13 1/2	70	22 1/2	92 1/2	126 1/2	71 1/2	107 1/2	98 1/2	21 1/2	71	12 1/2	27 1/2	126 1/2	114	39 1/2

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He Stood No Show.

On a Western train a number of passengers sought to while away the tedious hours with a game of poker. The game ran along for several hours, a man dropping out occasionally and another taking his place, but two of the players stuck to their posts from first to last. There seemed to be rivalry between them, and, in a measure neglecting the other players, they devoted their attention almost entirely to each other. Finally the other players retired and watched the combatants. The stakes became larger and larger, and the work keener and keener. The well-dressed, slouch-hatted, military-looking man was all composure; the one with the big sombrero, belt, and fierce moustache seemed nervous. He was losing. The pots that he won were small; those he lost ran into the hundreds.

"Stranger," he said finally. "I'm goin' to quit while I've got a stake left. May I inquire who ye are?"

"Certainly," replied the other. "I am Colonel of the regular army."

"An army officer! An' me a playin' poker with you! What an infernal fool I've been! I'm a professional myself—they call me Poker Jim, an' I've cleaned out many a camp—but I've got no truck with army officers. When I play kyards I want half a chance to win, anyhow. Good day."—*Chicago Herald.*

**THE
Adams & Westlake Mfg. CO.,**

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OIL STOVE,

FOR HEATING AND COOKING PURPOSES.

Cooking for a large Family can be done at a small Expense. Beautifully Finished, Perfect Workmanship, Absolutely Safe and Free from Odor.

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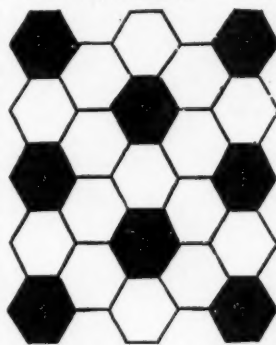
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Fine perfumes and toilet articles a specialty. Prescriptions
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ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

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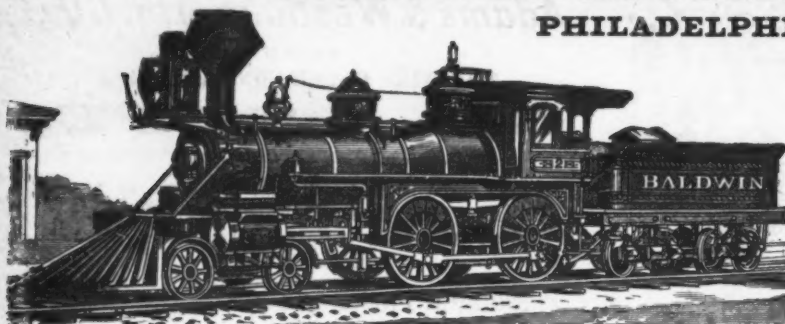
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One of the Largest Hotels in the State. Steam Elevators and
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Special Rates to Excursion Parties. One Block from Union
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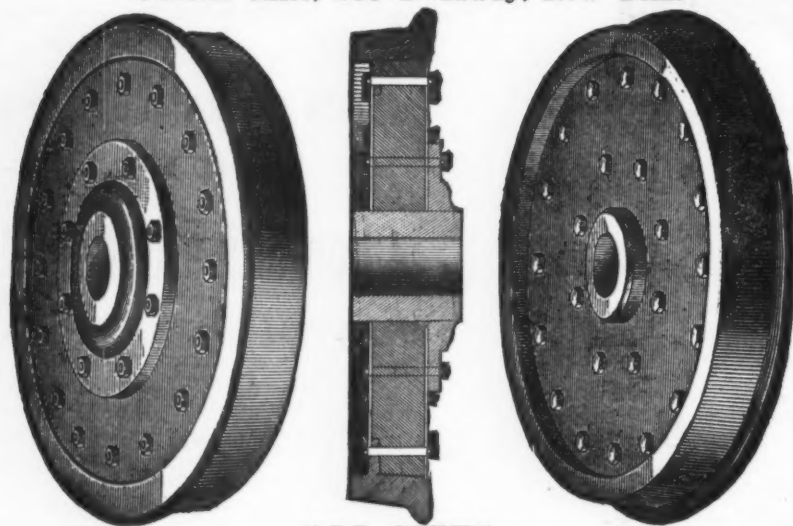
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A-4.

The Dakota Farmer.



Before a rain.



After a rain.

Scranton (Dak.) Pioneer.

A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of her little darling addressed him thus: "Charlie, my dear, won't you have some beans?" "No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub. "No," exclaimed the astonished mother; "no what?" "No beans."

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R-4

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by the patrons of this road, are its DAY COACHES, which
are the finest that human art and ingenuity can create; its

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N. B. A Large Office, Bar and Billiard Rooms and all the mod-
ern improvements have been added to this Hotel, making it the only
strictly first-class House in the city.WHAT HE WANTED.—A Kentuckian called on the
President the other day, with a view of obtaining an
office."Well, sir," said the President, who was busy,
"what will you have?"The Kentuckian's anxiety in behalf of his object,
and the rather abrupt manner of the President con-
fused him somewhat and he stammered out:

"M-make it the s-same as before."—N. Y. Times.

NEW SECTIONAL MAPS

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E-4

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

THE critic of the Paris morning *News*, reviewing the Salon exhibition, has this to say of the work of an artist well known in St. Paul: "I do not know who Carl Guthertz is, any more than that the catalogue says he was born in Switzerland of American parents; but his 'Dakota' (1198) is certainly a remarkably good picture. The scene represents one of those immense wheat farms of the far West, a field in which a hundred or so plows are turning the rich soil at the same time. There is distance and out-of-doors effect here; the horses are real ones, and nature is in the whole canvas."

HIGH PRICES OF DULUTH PROPERTY.—Geo. Spencer & Co. this week bought the lot on the corner of Superior Street and Third Avenue West, opposite the Board of Trade, of A. J. Miller & Co., for \$11,000, or \$220 a front foot. They will commence work very soon on a magnificent four-story stone building, which will be fitted up for a bank and offices. The location is about the best in the city for an office building, and the price paid shows that the purchasers have full faith in the future of Duluth.

THE scarcity of poor houses and paupers in Dakota is one of the surest indications that we are a prosperous people. As letter-writers and readers of newspapers, we are unexcelled. And for the healthiest babies, handsomest mothers, and smartest fathers, we challenge the world.—*Washburn Times*.

W. J. TOMPKINS is the pioneer in a new branch of industry in the Little Missouri Valley. He outfitted here with the necessary implements to start a hay ranch, which will be located about fifteen miles from town. About one hundred acres will be broken and seeded this year. Experiments will be made with alfalfa, red clover, timothy, millet, etc. This new enterprise will without doubt be successful and will be of great advantage to our stockmen.—*Bad Lands Cowboy*.

DURING the past year or two there has been much talk in the Western country of overstocked ranges. In some cases the crowding of ranges has been attended with the most serious consequences, resulting in heavy losses not only to the old occupants but to the new comers as well. Then again, in other sections which were not crowded, but likely to be, the cattlemen have called particular attention to the fact that they had no room for more stock. Almost invariably these notices have had the opposite of the desired effect—namely, of attracting the attention of outsiders, making them think the occupants had a good thing, and proposed to jealously and selfishly guard their interests. The Western cattle grazing business ought to be on a more permanent basis—rangers ought to own their lands.—*Drovers' Journal*.

ORE FROM THE COLVILLE MINES.—Some eleven large covered freight wagons arrived in the city yesterday, from the Old Dominion mine, near Colville, and containing twenty tons of silver ore. The mine is owned by Messrs. Benoist & Kerney, and shows assays that stamp it as being one of the richest mines in existence. The ore is rich in silver, and the assays run all the way from \$300 to \$9,000 per ton. The rock will be resacked here and shipped to San Francisco. It is the first shipment made from this city, and we feel satisfied that it will at once bring the mineral resources of Stevens County prominently before the leading mining men of the coast, and force a recognition from the skeptical.—*Spokane Falls Review*.

In speaking of Montana's birthday the Dillon *Tribune* says the vast changes that have been made in twenty-one years are immense. The transition from the state of Indian occupancy to a state of civilization has been gradual and complete. To-day Montana stands unequaled by any State or Territory in variety of mineral resources and in scope of country adapted to stock raising and to agricultural purposes. With mineral reserves, seemingly inexhaustible, it is hard to foretell Montana's great future. Twenty-one years ago it was an unsolved problem as to the adaptability of this section to stock raising. Our extensive natural ranges afford free pasturage for millions of domesticated animals, whose yearly increase alone is a mint of wealth to our people. A retrospective view the progress of Montana has made in twenty-one years is gratifying. It cannot be otherwise to a people who have toiled to develop an empire of wealth.

NICE yearling sheep, ewes and wethers mixed, can be bought after shearing at \$2.50 per head. This offers a good field for a man of energy, industry, and a few thousand dollars at his command.—*White Sulphur Springs (Mont.) Husbandman*.

THE Chicago & Northwestern has issued a circular instructing agents to decline to receive any cattle from Texas for Montana unless the shipment is accompanied by a veterinary surgeon's certificate, showing the cattle to be in healthy condition.

G. S. Barnes, of the Northern Pacific Elevator Co., predicts that the next crop of wheat will net farmers seventy-five or eighty cents per bushel. It has also been said that Pillsbury & Hulbert have offered to contract for the next crop at seventy-five cents.

A fifteen-year-old typo in the Sioux Falls *Press* of-fice measures six feet and three inches with his boots off, and is said to have grown three inches within the past three weeks, probably owing to the plenteous rains. Dakota is, indeed, a "growing" country.

ANGORA GOAT VS. CAYOTE.—William Kearns, who lives on Flesman Creek, has a herd of Angora goats. One night not long ago he was awakened by a great commotion in the corral, and went out to find a very large buck in hot combat with a cayote that had sneaked in upon the goats. Seeing that the buck was getting rather the best of the fight, Mr. Kearns did not interfere, and he had the satisfaction of watching the struggle until the plucky Angora completely vanquished its carnivorous adversary and stretched it dying upon the ground.—*Livingston (Mont.) Enterprise*.

Do the residents of Butte ever stop to consider that its mines are now producing, and its mills and smelters actually working, ore at the rate of 1,600 tons every twenty-four hours? That is twice as much ore as the whole camp of Leadville is producing. Its value is twice that of the entire amount of ore produced daily in all the rest of Colorado. It is more than the Territory of Utah produces, and carries twice the value in base and precious metals. It is four-fold more ore than Idaho turns out. At the present rate of production the mines of Butte are yielding 376,000 tons of silver and copper ore per annum, and the output is still increasing. These are facts for capital to ponder.—*Butte (Mont.) Inter-Mountain*.

BULLION valued at \$40,000 was piled in front of the Pacific Express office, yesterday. It attracted considerable attention from strangers and yet was an every day affair. Five hundred thousand dollars are paid out monthly in wages in Butte and the product of the camp is constantly increasing. At the present rate of increase, Butte will have 20,000 people within two years. There is no boom in the camp, but an abundance of activity.—*Butte (Mont.) Miner*.

CASSETON'S ARTESIAN WELL.—The artesian well at the roller mills is now a grand success. At a depth of three hundred and fifteen feet a two-inch flow of remarkably soft, palatable water now flows with such force as to elevate it above the top of the mill—a height of fifty feet, and the capacity, by measurement, is two barrels per minute. The flow, while confined to a two-inch pipe, is sufficient for a six-inch pipe. The supply of water is sufficient for five times the requirements of the mill, and the waste is conducted into Swan Creek, only a few feet distant.—*Cassellon (Dak.) Reporter*.

BUSINESS NOTES.

FRANK P. ALLEN is the leading real estate and loan agent of Lisbon, Dakota. He has farming lands, improved and unimproved, on easy terms, and desirable city property for sale. He is also a leading financial agent for this section of the country, and places loans for Eastern parties in large or small amounts on good security, where interest is paid promptly. He also investigates and perfects titles, and will furnish, free of charge, reliable information in regard to lands and investments of all kinds to parties seeking investments in the Northwest country. Having had a long experience in the handling of property in Dakota, he is well qualified to give reliable information, and is a safe man to place loans, as his knowledge of values is accurate. He gives as reference J. E. Gates, treasurer S. P. R. R., Mills Building, New York, and Fred. Foster, manager Manhattan Safe Deposit Company, New York.

THE Sanborn Hotel, in Sanborn, Dak., an engraving of which appears in this number, is one of the best hotels on the Northern Pacific road, the table service being remarkably good. It is owned and managed by Mr. A. Gallinger, who is one of the pioneers of the place, being in fact the father of the town. He platted the town, and in 1881 built the hotel. For a year or two past he has leased the hotel to other parties, but since January last has taken charge of the establishment himself, determined that Sanborn should have a first-class hotel, and is now bending his energies to that end. The house is neatly furnished, and is conducted in first-class style. There are fine billiard and pool rooms attached, where travelers can pass a pleasant hour. Le Roy Gallinger, the chief clerk, sees that all patrons are made comfortable.

THE firm of C. K. Day & Co., of Detroit, Minn., dealers in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hats, caps, clothing, hardware and general merchandise, is the leading mercantile house of the city. They are known in every household throughout a large extent of country tributary to Detroit, and enjoy as extensive a trade as any firm in Minnesota outside of St. Paul or Minneapolis. The firm is composed of C. K. Day and W. J. Wood. They carry an immense stock of first-class goods in all lines of general merchandise, and have a reputation throughout the valley for integrity and fairness in trade that must be a pleasure to themselves and their fellow citizens.

NORTON & HAUPT are among the leading merchants of Lisbon, Dakota, dealing extensively in lumber and coal. Their place of business is located on Main Street, convenient to the railway depot, where a large, well-assorted stock in their lines can be found.

THE NORTHWEST is under obligations to Mr. C. L. Judd, the Jamestown photographer, for special courtesies and for many handsome specimens of his art. Mr. Judd has succeeded remarkably well in one of the most difficult operations of photography, the taking of landscape pictures with large cameras.

I. C. PRATT, of Detroit, Minn., is a leading contractor and builder, and has built nearly all the substantial buildings in the town. He is now engaged in erecting a large two-story school house.

CULL RIVER LUMBER CO.,

CULL RIVER, MINN..

MANUFACTURE S AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles and Lath.

LONG DIMENSIONS A SPECIALTY.

Office, Mill and Yard on Line N. P. R. R.

PLANING MILL AND DRY HOUSE ATTACHED.

WEST SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN,

The new Railroad, Manufacturing and Commercial City,
At the Head of Lake Superior.

Platted and offered for sale by the
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F. H. WEEKS, President,
Equitable Building, New York City.
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Equitable Building, New York City.
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This company has a large amount of land with good harbor front, well adapted to Flour Mills and all kinds of manufactures. Special inducements and advantages are offered to persons desiring to engage in any industrial enterprise.

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Bank of the Manhattan Company, New York.
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Successor to COLEMAN & OXLEY,
INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE,
AND COLLECTION AGENCY,
Also Brokers in Securities and Live Stock,
MILES CITY, MONTANA.

Belfield, Billings County, Dak.

One hundred and thirty miles west of Bismarck, the capital, on main line N. P. R. R. Co. Splendid grain and stock country. Government and Railroad Lands. Coal, wood and water abundant. Most picturesque town site in North Dakota. Transshipping point for Black Hills freight. A good business point. Address

L. C. HAY, Joint Town Site Manager. or **GEO. AULD,**
Land and Town Site Agent for N. P. R. R.

D. W. BRUCKART,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CLOUD, STEARNS COUNTY, MINNESOTA.
COLLECTION AND REAL ESTATE MATTERS SPECIALTIES.

Herr Pumpgern still lies in bed. A knock at the door. "Come in!" Herr Pumpgern's tailor steps into the room. "Ah, it's you, Herr Stickle! I suppose you have brought my account?" "I make so bold, Herr Pumpgern; you see I am rather short of money." "Short of money, are you? Just open my desk yonder—see, that drawer?" Herr Stickle opens a drawer; it is empty. Then Herr Pumpgern says: "Not that; the other one." Herr Stickle opens a second drawer—empty, too. Herr Pumpgern observes: "I don't mean that one; it's the one below." Herr Stickle obeys. "Well, what do you see in it?" asks Herr Pumpgern. "A pile of papers; nothing besides," is the reply. "That's the one—those are my bills. Place yours on top of the rest," replied Herr Pumpgern, cheerily, and adding, "good-morning, Herr Stickle," he calmly turned on his other side.—*Der Schalk.*

LA MOURE COUNTY

Invites the personal inspection of First-Class, Thrifty, Intelligent Farmers. Situated midway between the wheat belt of North Dakota and the corn region of South Dakota, both products can be raised with equal success.

THE TOWN OF LA MOURE

On the James river and the future railroad center of Dakota. Northern Pacific R. R. Co. and La Moure Syndicate joint owners.

E. P. WELLS,
Trustee, Jamestown, Dakota.

D. L. WILBUR. **JOHN J. NICHOLS.**
WILBUR & NICHOLS,
JAMESTOWN, - - - DAKOTA.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS.

During a residence of twelve years in the James River Valley, we have personally examined a greater part of the land in Stutsman, Foster, Wells, La Moure and Dickey counties, and our selections for investors have given satisfaction. We can sell choice agricultural land at \$2 to \$6, and land in large blocks for "Stock Ranges" at \$1.20 to \$1.50 per acre, on CASH basis. By actual experience it has been demonstrated that there is no better stock country in the United States than North Dakota, an abundance of nutritious grasses and plenty of the best natural meadows, yielding from two to five tons of hay per acre. We pay taxes for non-residents and transact a general Real Estate and Loan business.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

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REAL ESTATE DEALERS,
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AND—
NEGOTIATORS OF MORTGAGE LOANS.
Wild Lands and Improved Farms. **WADENA, MINNESOTA.**

CRUISING CANOES.



THE SNAKE.

Now is the time to order your canoe. First come, first served. We offer you a GREATER VARIETY OF FINE GOODS than any other builder. We have the STELLA MARIS, GRAYLING—Class A,—SPRINGFIELD, SHADOW, ST. LAWRENCE, 14 ft. PRINCESS, ELLARD, MOHICAN, No. 1, and two 15 and 16 ft. PRINCESS and DAISY. Except the Shadow, none of these canoes are built by any other builder. In

PLEASURE BOATS

We have a still greater variety. But why attempt to enumerate. Send 2-cent stamp for the largest and finest catalogue of boats and canoes ever published. Address

J. H. RUSHTON, Canton, N. Y.

Established 1854.

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COMMISSION.

W. A. ALLEN & CO.
142, 144 AND 146 KINZIE STREET, CORNER OF LA SALLE,
CHICAGO, - - - ILLINOIS.

Sacks furnished free. Liberal advances on consignments. References: The Traders Bank; C. F. Grey, President Hide and Leather National Bank; W. C. D. Grannis, President Union National Bank—Merchants generally.

A Flouring Mill, a Straw-board Factory, a Small Foundry or Repair Shops, and a Brick Yard are all needed and will pay at La Moure.

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With Farmers, Manufacturers and Business men, to all of whom information will be sent by

C. P. SMITH,
La Moure,
Dakota.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD LANDS
LAND DEPARTMENT.
BANK OF LA MOURE, DAKOTA.

We make careful personal selections of Northern Pacific Railroad Lands for stockholders and other purchasers in the Best Wheat-growing District of North Dakota.

The counties of La Moure and Dickey offer the best inducements to settlers and investors of any portion of the Northern Pacific grant now remaining east of the Missouri River. These lands lie on each side of the Fargo & Southwestern Railway.

We transact a general banking business, make investments for non-residents, and are land agents for N. P. R. R. Co. For advertising matter or information write to

ROBINSON, BUTTON & CO.
Q' 84-C U La Moure, Dak.

R. S. REEVES,
Jamestown, Dak.
LANDS and LOANS.

Commissioner for the State of New York. Investments made for non-residents on long or short time loans. Money placed at 8 and 9 per cent on first-class real estate security. Taxes paid for non-residents. References given on application.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

The Wumps.

The bugwump comes when the hour is late
To the pane where the light is shining,
And the hugwump stands at the garden gate,
His arm the maid entwining.

The drugwump waits for the stealthy wink,
The brand denominating.
And the jugwump gaily takes a drink
From his jug while his hook he's batting.

The pugwump kisses the nose of her pet,
And folds him to her bosom.
And the mugwump waits for his office yet.
And—well, we must excuse him.

—Boston Post.

A burglar recently entered the residence of editor Frank M. Gray, of the *Harrington Times*, and appropriated \$3.15 in coin—the accumulation of a lifetime of toil.—*East Oregonian*.

From a column of "fashion notes" in the *Heppner Gazette* are culled the following:

In the Heppner hills this season the *recherche* thing in overalls is to have the pocket corners bradded in lieu of the copper rivets that were *en regat* last season. They are worn either stuffed in the boots or outside.

An *elite* thing in watch-chains is a wide buckskin strap worn dangling from the pocket and ornamented with a stud-horse poker chip. It also works for a ranch razor-strap.

An aesthetic rustic substitute for a button is a shingle nail or a piece of sharpened stick poked through a gallus hole. This style is very popular on some ranches, but it is a bad thing to fall down on.

A reasonable suggestion—(English visitor to Dublin car driver): "Well, Pat, what's your fare for two miles?"—Pat: "Och, shure, I'll lave it to your honor."—English visitor: "It's not a question of honor, my good fellow; it is a question of what is your just fare." Pat: "Well, yer honor, if ye put it in that way, my just fare is gist what the polis (the curse of Cromwell on 'em all) allows a poor dacent boy like myself to keep the ould horse, the missus and mine children upon; so, if yer honor will give me ten shillings, I'll drink yer health and pray the blessings of all the saints attend yer when yer toime's come."—*Fun*.

A HARD NAME.—"I've the hardest name in this town," said a workingman to a citizen the other day. "I'll bet a dollar you haven't," replied the citizen.

"Done," said the workingman. "My name is Stone."

"Pass over the coin," said the citizen. "My name is Harder."

A STALE JOKE.—A traveler hurried up to the station lunch counter and called for sandwiches.



CLAD IN GLORY.

Mamma (pointing to some unclothed cherubs): LIZZIE, IF YOU ARE A GOOD GIRL, YOU WILL GO TO HEAVEN AND BE LIKE THOSE LITTLE ANGELS.

Lizzie (who has a strict sense of propriety): WELL! I HOPE I'LL BE BETTER DRESSED THAN THEY ARE.—*Life*.

"Sandwich? Yes, sah; hyah yo' are," replied the dusky attendant.

"Great heavens," exclaimed the traveler, "but there is the same sandwich! Yes, it's the same iden-

tical ham that I wrote my initials on when I was here last fall. The only difference is that it is a little dryer, and has a little more dust on it. What do you mean by setting out that old relic?"

"T'aint zackly fresh, sah, but I think it'll suit yo' taste. It's jis' about as stale as yo' joke, an' that seems to be the way yo' like 'em. Coffee, sah?"

THE household was in great tribulation. Jimmy Tuffboy had been indulging at an infrequent Sunday school festival.

"I hope he is not dangerous, doctor. Do you think so?" said his anxious mother.

"No, not dangerous, exactly. He has a slight attack of peanutico bananaria, with some symptoms of ice-creamitis and cakurium. I guess he'll pull through."

"You bet I will, Doc, old son," said Jimmy, feebly. "There's 'nuther festival over ter the Methodist next week."

His mother was so much encouraged that she fed the mustard plaster to him in a spoon and bound a wintergreen "sling" on the most painful portion of his anatomy.—*Hartford Post*.

WHAT CALLED THE CROWD.—The other day a man went sound asleep in the front office of the Coleman House, with his feet stuck up in full view of Broadway. They were enormous feet. The flat of the soles were the size of a fair sized dish. Mr. John Rogers caught sight of the feet from the other side of Broadway, and crossed over to get a nearer view. Then he went inside, borrowed a piece of chalk and wrote on the sole of one shoe: "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Within ten minutes Broadway, opposite the Coleman House, had become impassable. People crushed forward to see what was the matter. The man with the feet slept on. Policemen tried to make the crowd move one way or another. This went on for half an hour. Then the man woke up, saw the crowd and went out to inquire what had happened.—*Dramatic Times*.

A TEN FORTY-FIVE DRUNK.—One night last week a man who was wandering along Tremont street, in the close neighborhood of 12 o'clock, was accosted by a policeman, who asked him where he obtained his liquor, whereupon he replied: "Oh, at's all right. At's all right. Puff-flickly legal. It's a ten forty-five drunk. All 'quirements of er law been complied with."—*Boston Gazette*.

"Alonzo, dear, do you believe in ghosts?" she asked, dreamily. "No, darling, I do not, he replied. "Well, Alonzo, that ghosts to show you are not superstitious." Then they fell into a sweet, calm sleep.

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KENTUCKY ENGLISH.—Frenchman (to Kentucky citizen): "Ven ze friend ask you ze invite to take ze drink visky, vat you say in Anglais?"
Kentucky citizen: "Don't care if I do."
Frenchman: "Doncar vido, oui! But ven you refuse ze invite, zen vat you say in Anglais."
Kentucky citizen: "Well—er—I guess you've got me now, Frenchy."—*New York Sun*.

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